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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 24, 1936
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVII No. 1918 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCT. 24 1936

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A BRILLIANT THIRST SYMPHONY

BY THE MUSIC CRITIC

THE other evening I tried over Schweppes' Thirst Symphony in A Flat (and elsewhere). The keynote is the Tonic (see "Schweppes on Liquid Harmonies"). The symphony is equally effective taken either as a solo or with accompaniment; and here is my own arrangement. First movement (*vivace*): let bottle strike edge of glass; try this on your piano. Second movement (*andante*): let Schweppes Tonic ripple *glissando* into glass: try this with tuba or trumpet, but an ordinary tumbler is easier to drink from. Third movement (*allegro con brio*): listen to the genial tremolo of Tonic against vocal chords and the rise of your spirits through at least three octaves. Try this on your friends. Repeat *ad lib.*

Schweppes

By Appointment

THE COLDER YOU DRINK IT, THE BETTER

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shrewdly observed. The truth of it rises up and hits us in the face every time we turn on the news bulletin in our own peaceful homes. Does any evening pass without the announcement of a crisis which (forgotten to-morrow) gives place to a new crisis in some other part of the Empire? I am afraid I have bored SPHERE readers in my hammering-on at this point, now made by Sir Thomas. For months and even years the B.B.C. last news bulletins have given us a distorted and one-sided picture of the state of Europe and the world.

MENACE OF BROADCASTING?—The background of sanity and decency (there are still to-day in this dark age more sane and decent folk than maniacs and criminals) has been completely blacked out by the fierce searchlight which perpetually plays on the lightest actions of dictators, insurgent bands, bandits, and other lunatics, crétins and rascals, and the average listener has forgotten that homes as peaceful and innocent as his own exist all over Europe. Those voices of the B.B.C.—the portentous inflexions of the News Announcer retailing the day's events, and the cynical, sub-acid tones of the Geneva eye-witness—are doing a great deal to increase our unrest and suspicion and to prevent our viewing the world with a sense of humour and proportion, optimism and friendliness. It is a tremendous trifle and shrewdly observed. And (be it remembered) the B.B.C. is a pattern for broadcasting to the whole world, for its moderation, its purity, its impartiality, its decency, and its uplift. Other countries quite openly broadcast hatred and suspicion and distort facts for national propaganda. Sir Thomas ended his observations on the world with a strong plea for tolerance and restraint in criticising other people's political views and actions. Then comes in Mr. MacDonald. Perhaps he did not take note of Sir Thomas's post-script plea for tolerance. He said some hard things about the Labour Party (anti-National). He described its members as sheep without a shepherd, but harassed by a plethora of undisciplined sheep dogs. Within the fixed limit of "five minutes," Mr. Attlee heard what Mr. MacDonald had said, and instead of sincerely congratulating his former chief on having attained to the ripe age of discretion and seventy, he wittily and rather cruelly described him as a "shepherd without any sheep"—which no doubt was regarded by his audience as a palpable hit. And so, despite pious aspirations, the leaders go on making the world a sweeter place and increasing brotherhood and understanding among men of goodwill, and the man in the street derives from his leaders such inspiration and example as offer, and turns his wireless on to give him a chance for clear thinking; and hears, sandwiched in between the latest crises and sudden deaths, the stings and flings of the lesser fry, taking the cue from their leaders and from the dictators. How Lord De La Warr regarded the present leaders of our Labour Party as a disaster . . . and how young Lord Piffle, that rising under-secretary, had told his local Rotarians that in his view the Communists, or the Nazis, or the Fascists, or the Duce, or the Führer, were only fit for . . . and so forth. Certainly the idea of sheep without shepherds, but not without snapping dogs, is picturesquely appropriate to our age.

ANCIENT GREECE.—An inauguration ceremony or private view is not perhaps the best occasion for judging the exhibits, but all who saw the Duke of Kent open the Burlington House Exhibition will be sure to go again. It has been arranged to mark the fiftieth year of the work of the British School of Archæology at Athens which British Sovereigns have consistently supported and Greek governments assisted. The work done and documented so thoroughly and so thrillingly by the school is inevitably linked with the names of Sir Arthur Evans and Professors Myres, Dawkins, and Wace, and Mr. Weir, to name a very few out of many. The chief centre of interest is of course the Knossos exhibits, which document Sir Arthur Evans' great work and great book on the pre-Hellenic Minoan culture, brought back to our knowledge from the site of the Palace of Minos at Knossos in Crete. The exhibition leads to the book and the book to the exhibition. One might spend a month absorbed in both. Mr. Weir, working for the Byzantine Research Fund, laid Sparta bare and throws revealing light on the dawn of Greek culture by his discoveries in the Orthia sanctuary. The school's work has been mainly archæological, but archæology is a wide field which comprises history, geography, exploration, art criticism, and social history which is without limits. In fifty years the school has rent the veil which hid the history of the Greek peoples from the earliest periods. And it has brought its finds to Piccadilly for the pleasure and profit of every scientist, historian, and treasure-hunter.

TIPPING.—The hotels and restaurants associations at their Llandudno meeting overwhelmingly plumped for the continuance of the tiresome and often degrading practice of tipping in this country. After disclosures of the meanness of certain hotel patrons, they yet rejected the 10 per cent. addition to the hotel bill, and the evil practice of tipping is assured of a longer run. Still waiters (no longer so well-trained as heretofore) will pay, and pay highly, for the privilege of employment in fashionable restaurants. Still the foolish prodigal patron will get all the attention, and the "unknown" guest will wait for his chop until the quality of the lining of his pocket is more familiar to the staff; and still as of old the harassed patron of hotel and restaurant must see to it that his pocket is continually furnished with small change to suit the ideas of various grades of free and independent trade unionists. Tipping is a curse and a degradation and a nuisance and a negation of our vaunted principles of equality and freedom. It puts a premium on snobbery and tends to injustice and bad service. It curses him who gives and him who takes, and it keeps quite a number of delicate-minded people away from hotels, restaurants, and even country houses. But I quite realise that while we cater for American visitors, we shall never forgo in this country the opportunities for getting our lips to the golden stream. There are many patrons who regard tipping as a means of telling the world that they have made a success of life.

NEWS FROM BARRA.—Mr. Compton Mackenzie's visits to London have become even rarer than Mr. Beerbohm's. Both are welcome, for each during his periods of residence off the map of Britain stores up energy and discharges it on jaded London in a brilliant display of electric sparks. Mr. Compton Mackenzie lives with the utmost content in a prehistoric world where young women are trained by their mothers for domestic service, and go out to the mainland to take up and hold down jobs in that honourable and vital profession, and where young men are content to look after their family crofts and farms and to pursue the trades of fishing and agriculture. In that antiquated world many of our own blessings are unknown. The death rate on the roads is low; there are no Sunday papers and no fashionable gossip columns nor accounts of the more sordid criminal trials. But if the road death rate is low, the birthrate is high and the weddings greatly outnumber the divorces. I suppose there are cinemas and radio sets on Barra; there are certainly cars, lorries, and motor buses in reasonable quantities, and there are six schools, educating 400 children in a population of over 2,000. The inhabitants of this group of "society" islands dance and laugh and turn night into day when it suits them. Their climate apparently matches Mr. Beerbohm's and the colour of their sea is as warm and varied. The great drawback of Barra is that Time refuses to stand still there. It rushes along. A thousand days are but as yesterday. Mr. Mackenzie has been criticised for having too quickly and too thoroughly "assumed the Gael" and taken the Hebrides under his protection. After hearing his prose poem on Barra recently, I judge that no man was better fitted for that dictatorship or better prepared for that conversion. The wonder is that he visits London and enjoys this freedom at all.

PRINCESS JULIANA'S FIANCÉ.—My Boston lady correspondent sends me redhot matter about Prince Bernard of Lippe ("that postage-stamp country," as America calls it). He is (says she) really good looking, slight and of medium height, with fair brown hair, his bright, blue eyes partially hidden by the tortoise-shell spectacles he always wears. Princess Juliana calls him "Benno" and he is very boyish in appearance and likely to remain so. Lippe may be small in acreage but it has a storied past and Prince Bernard's ancestors have been in position there since 1120.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE SOUTHEND ANGLING FESTIVAL is always a great attraction but these young entrants, not to mention some of the grown ups, found it no easy matter to handle gear while a 50 m.p.h. gale was raging. The competitors fished from the famous one and a half mile long pier

HAPPENINGS AT HOME:

A LINK WITH "DOWN UNDER": The scene at King's School, Canterbury, as the head boy presented a replica of the school flag to the captain of the King's School, Sydney, Old Boys' Rugby team, now visiting England

GENTLY DOES IT: One of the statues forming the Queen Victoria Monument in Victoria Square, Leeds, handled by a crane when in course of removal to a new site on Woodhouse Moor

THE ONLY EXTANT COPY of a ferro-prussiate photographic proof (equivalent of a die proof in a line engraving) of the final negative of the first Palestine stamp ever issued. Part of the specialised Palestine and Transjordan collection belonging to Major J. J. Darlow, on view at the London Stamp Exhibition which has been held throughout this week at the Dorland Hall and has attracted large numbers of philatelists

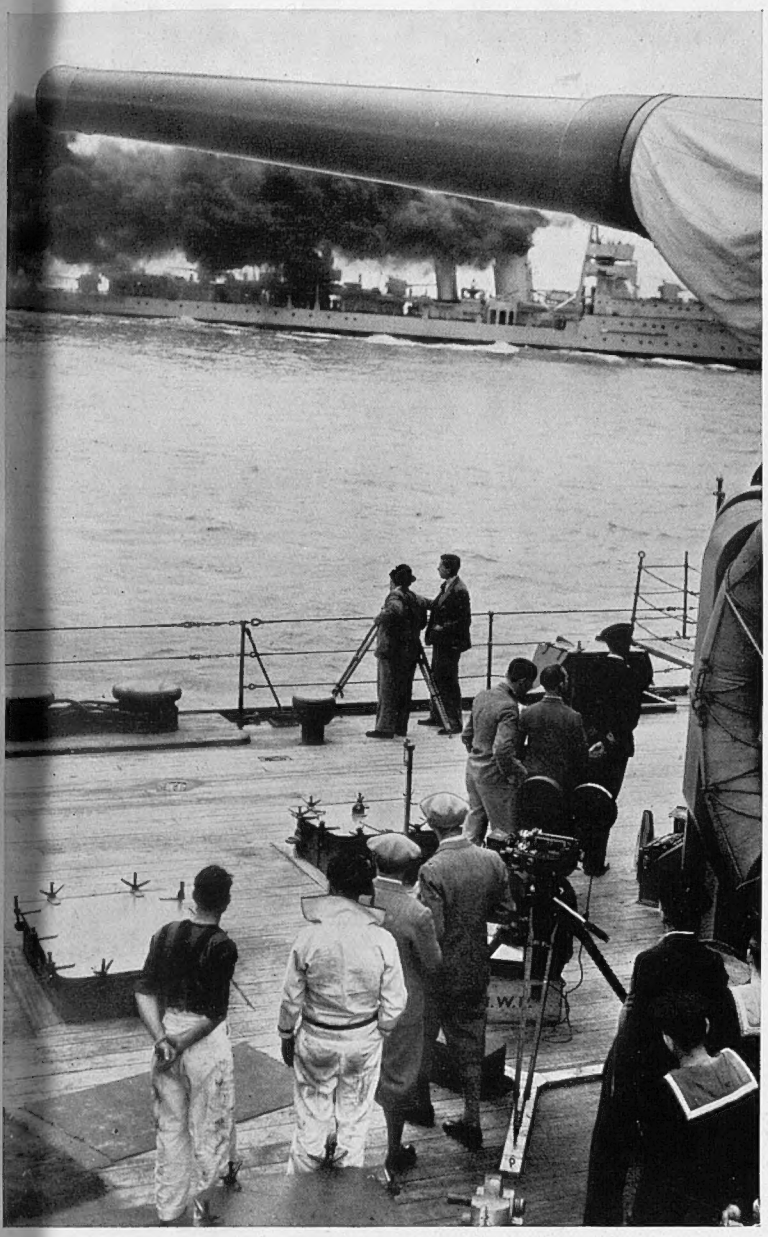
LONDON IN FESTIVE GARB: Mrs. Richard Acland, wife of the Liberal M.P. for Barnstaple and daughter-in-law of Sir Francis Dyke Acland, with the drawings which won her the architectural design competition for the Coronation week décor of Bond Street

Design for Bond Street in Coronation Week: The London Stamp Exhibition: Tivoli Corner Handed Over to the Lord Mayor: Canoeing in the Gale-swept Channel

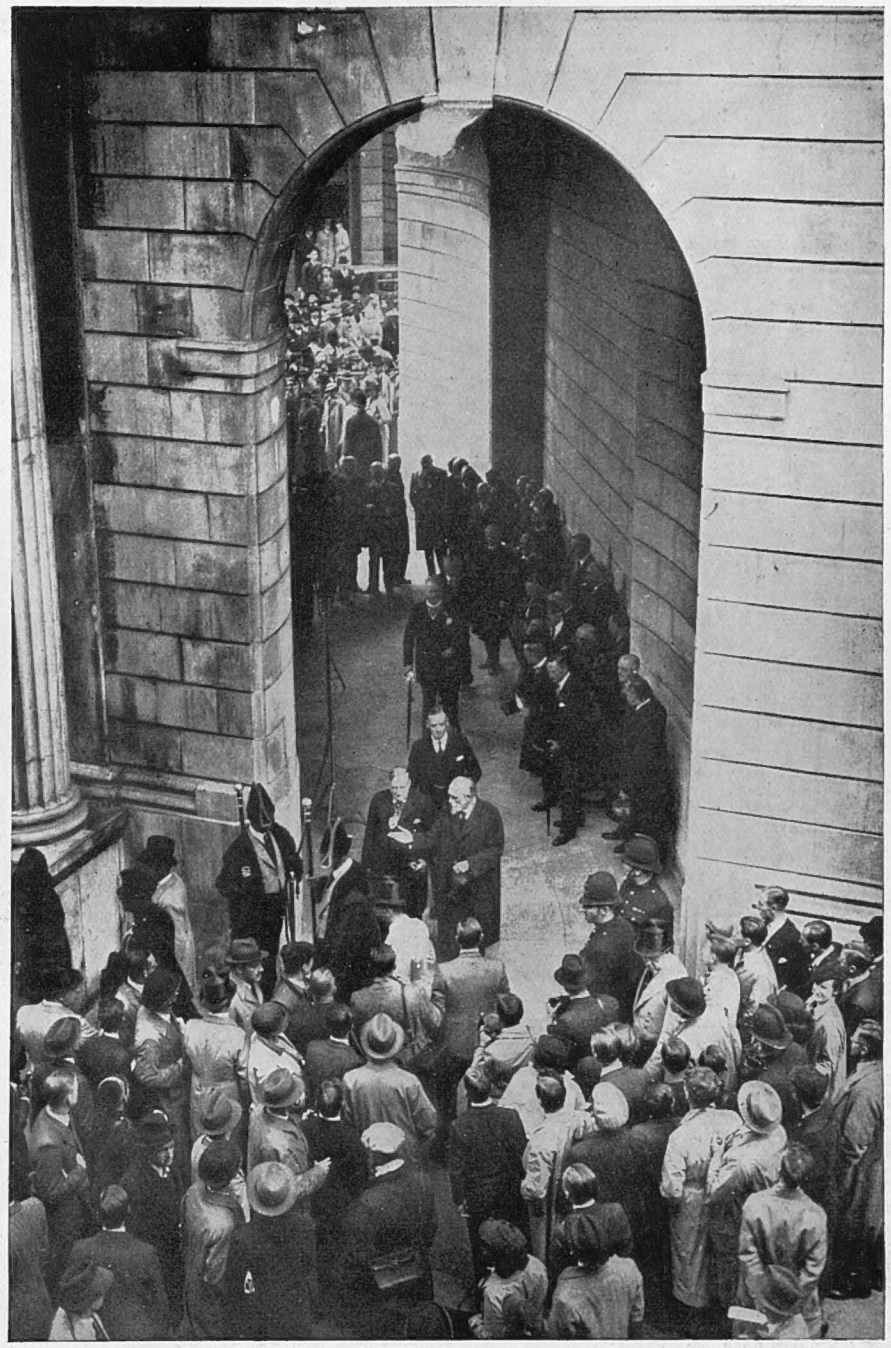
PHILATELIST'S PARADISE: Some of the stands at the London Stamp Exhibition at Dorland Hall where leading dealers are showing some of their most valuable and interesting specimens, included among which is a Mint sheet of the 2½d. British Silver Jubilee stamp printed in an experimental prussian-blue shade and issued in error to a North London post office, where it was bought for face value little more than a year ago. To-day it is valued by the owners at £5,000. There is also on view a display of forged stamps lent by Dr. A. E. Kidd, of Dundee, and of Sarawak stamps from the collection of the Rajah, Sir Charles V. Brooke

CRADLED ON THE DEEP: Mr. Eric companion, Herr Charles Rendek, the waves in their frail 17 ft. the existing record of 5 hr. 50 min.

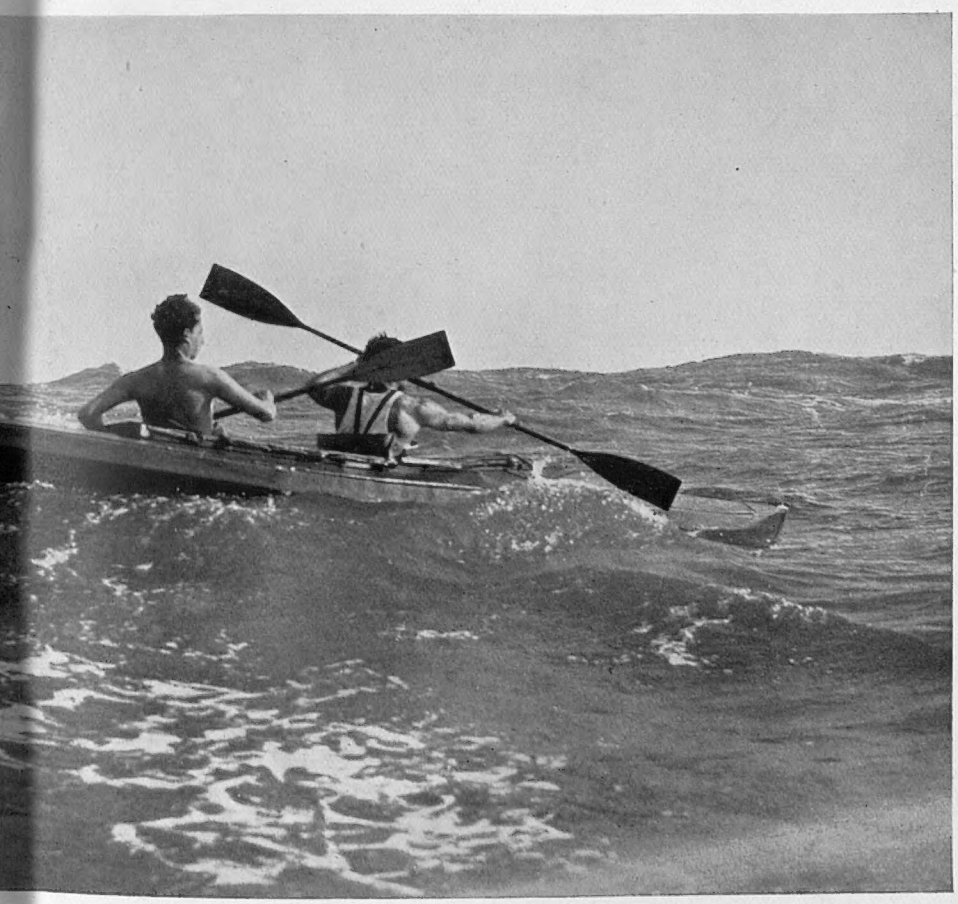
A Pictorial Record



BRITISH WARSHIPS AS SCREEN STARS: Cameramen aboard the *Royal Oak* watch the *Curacoa* in a battle scene in the new Herbert Wilcox film, *The Navy Eternal*, which is being made with the co-operation of the Admiralty and which tells the story of the rescue of British nationals involved in an insurrection. This is the first time in this country that the Senior Service has helped on such a large scale in the production of a motion picture



THE BANK'S GIFT TO THE CITY: The Lord Mayor (Sir Percy Vincent) and Mr. Montagu Norman (Governor of the Bank of England) standing in the passageway behind the Tivoli corner of the Bank premises after it had been formally handed over to the civic authorities. From now on the passage will be used by pedestrians, and some valuable space outside has thus been made available for conversion from pavement to roadway to meet the needs of traffic. The Tivoli corner was built from designs of Sir John Soane 130 years ago



Findon, a young London film actor, and his a Budapest barrister, fighting their way through collapsible craft in which they attempted to beat for a Dover-to-Calais canoe crossing. They started out in spite of receiving warnings of bad weather and heavy seas, and in the end had to be assisted ashore, worn out by the long struggle to make headway in such adverse conditions

FOR INTERNAL EVEN HEATING OF THE BODY: A short-wave therapy apparatus, one of the wonders of the Medical Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, where there are many displays of general interest. The demonstration of simplified bandaging has attracted particular attention

STORM *and* SHIPWRECK

A Week-end of Gales Around Britain's Coasts

A TREACHEROUS REEF: The Glasgow steamer *Shuna* (of 1,494 tons), outward bound for Gothenburg, stranded on the rocks of the Isle of Islay, West Scotland, as a result of the severe week-end gale which swept the coasts. Her distress rockets were not seen and her plight was first noticed by an airman on his daily run to Campbeltown who, after swooping down to within 200 ft. of the sea to make an inspection, sent a wireless message to Renfrew Aerodrome giving the *Shuna's* location and suggesting that aid should be sent immediately. The Port Ascaig lifeboat went to the rescue, bringing six of the crew of fourteen ashore and afterwards standing by while efforts were made to refloat the vessel. This was only one of several ships that suffered in the storm, and in the neighbouring Sound of Mull the *St. Joseph*, a Norwegian craft of 1,749 tons, ran aground and only after great difficulty were the captain and his men landed. Meanwhile another drama was being enacted at Foula, the little island west of Shetland, where members of a film company were reported to be marooned and for a few days were short of supplies

A Steamer Stranded on the Rocks of Islay

On Right—STORM LASHED BRIGHTON: A policeman calmly looks on as a large wave sends a shower of spray over the sea wall. A picture typifying conditions during last week-end

PARIS AIR RAID REHEARSAL

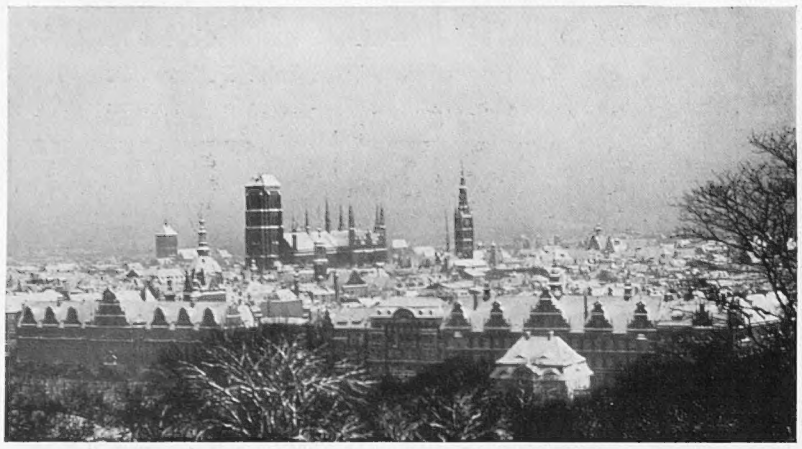
The City Plunged in Almost Total Darkness as the Populace Practised Self-defence Measures

SIXTY MINUTES OF REALISM: *Left*—Gas-masked members of the gendarmerie with the spraying apparatus used for decontaminating the streets of mustard gas. A scene during the air raid rehearsal held on the evening of October 16 in order to give the police and members of the general public experience of how to act in conditions approximating as closely as possible to those likely to be encountered in war time. Following a signal given by sirens, Paris was plunged into almost total darkness, all traffic came to a standstill, and anti-aircraft batteries, aided by searchlights, attempted to get the range of the raiding planes as they zoomed overhead. The latter rained down Bengal lights in lieu of bombs. *Right*—A close-up, showing the type of gas protective footgear adopted

AFTER THE LIGHTS WENT UP: People in the window of a café where they had spent an hour during the experimental "black out" when all street lamps were turned off, and houses and restaurants were either shuttered or placed in darkness. Very few property owners failed to comply with the order, having been warned that dire penalties might ensue

DECONTAMINATING THE STREETS: Spraying chemicals on the roadway in order to counter the effects of the mustard gas presumed to have been dropped by the enemy. One of many examples of realism in a rehearsal that evidenced the efficiency of the French Defence Ministry

A NIGHT OF ACTION: Throughout the rehearsal cars sped through the streets carrying men wearing gas masks whose tasks it would be in war time to put out fires, repair damaged electric cables, neutralise gas bombs, clear away debris, and remove the wounded. As it was they simulated doing these things with great dash, and on the left a fireman is seen in action with his hose, and on the right a Red Cross unit is setting out from a dressing station to pick up "casualties"



WINTER IN THE FREE CITY: A striking view of Danzig under snow, showing the church of St. Mary, a vast pile dominating the surrounding buildings

DANZIG: BONE OF CONTENTION

Between Germany, Poland, and the League

FOR years after the war Danzig was a bone of contention between Germany and Poland, now a third party is involved—the League of Nations.

During past centuries Danzig was a German town, but then, as now, a Free City. Once a member of the Hanseatic League, it developed commercially and was ruled by powerful merchant princes. In the pre-war years of the present century it was Prussian. When, as a result of the war, Poland was resurrected, it was proposed to give Danzig to the Poles. But there was opposition to this, and eventually the Versailles Treaty constituted Danzig a Free City under the supervision of the League of Nations.

Danzig was designated the port for the Polish corridor, which, also created by the Peace Treaty, ran between Prussia proper and East Prussia, and gave Poland access to the sea. Poland was given the unrestricted use of the Danzig railways, waterways, and docks; and the Free City was brought within the Polish Customs.

Poland became responsible for Danzig's foreign policy, maintained a High Commissioner to look after the interests of the Polish minority in the Free City, and had the right to maintain a small armed force to act mainly as a Customs guard.

The internal government of Danzig was invested in the Danzigers themselves. The Government was, therefore, to be German, but not Reich German. The Senate thus became the actual government. And over and above was the High Commissioner of the League of Nations, with his office in Danzig.

Technically, this position still obtains to-day. Actually it is vastly different, for since the advent of Nazism in Germany there has been a process of *Gleichschaltung* (uniformity of regime), and the Danzig senate now takes its orders from Berlin. At the last elections the Danzig Nazis failed to obtain the two-thirds majority entitling them to alter the constitution. But in actual fact they have already done so.

In the pre-Hitlerist days relations between Germany and Poland were openly strained owing to the former's avowed revisionist propaganda in regard to the corridor and Danzig.

With the advent of Hitlerism there came about a dramatic change in the German-Polish quarrel over Danzig and the corridor. Marshal Pilsudski, the then Polish Dictator, sent his ambassador to the German Dictator with the question —"Is it peace or war?" Herr Hitler replied—"Peace!" The result was the German-Polish ten years' peace pact.

The peace pact gave both countries a breathing space. It put the Danzig and corridor questions into cold storage while Germany pursued her dynamic policies in Austria and elsewhere. On the Polish side, Pilsudski intended it purely as an easing of a dangerous situation.

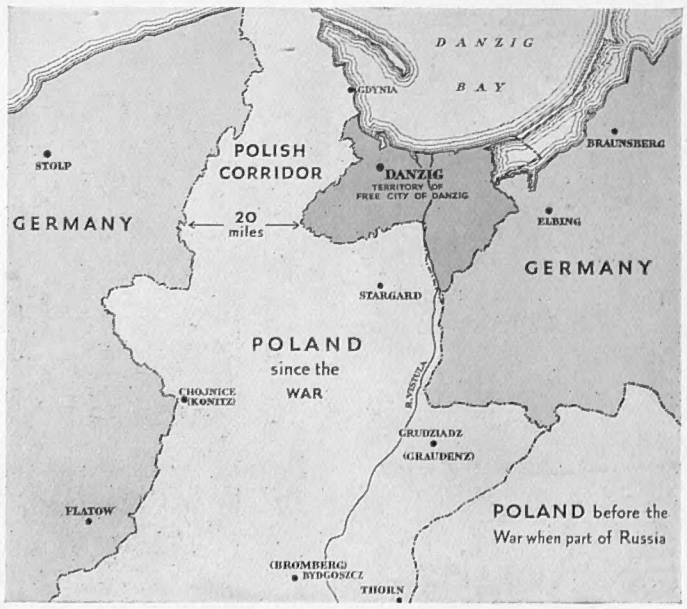
Owing to these events a new situation was in being by the time the League of Nations found itself called upon to try and check the Nazi infringements of the Danzig constitution. For Nazism gave Germany a new technique. It enabled her to maintain better relations between herself and the Polish State, whilst capturing Danzig for the Nazi party. That is to say, while, under the ten year pact with Poland, Germany temporarily laid aside her territorial claims to Danzig she was able, by the party machinery, to bring about a certain uniformity of regime (*Gleichschaltung*) between the Third Reich and the Free City of Danzig. Acting, ostensibly, under the orders of the Nazi party headquarters in Germany rather than under the orders of the official Reich Government, the Danzig Nazis, although they had not secured a two-thirds majority in the Senate, felt themselves sufficiently powerful to alter the constitution by means of a number of decrees which virtually suppressed the activities of the opposition parties.

The League High Commissioner's attempts to safeguard the constitution have, in recent months, had but little effect, and Mr. Lester's authority has been sometimes openly set aside. "*Hitler is stronger than the League*" was the slogan when Herr Greiser, the Nazi President of the Danzig Senate, returned from Geneva after having caused an international sensation by "cocking a snook" at the meeting of the League Council.

Poland, in whose interests the Free City was created, is now supposed to act as a sort of League agent in seeking a settlement with Germany. But she seems likely to do a deal with Germany with a view to safeguarding her own specific interests in Danzig and preserving the German-Polish pact. It would not be surprising, therefore, if she disinterested herself in the fate of the German opposition parties in Danzig and tacitly accepted Nazi infringements.

Thus the one time German Polish dispute over Danzig has become a German–League dispute, with Poland as a sort of go-between.

C. F. M.



DANZIG AND HER NEIGHBOURS: A sketch map showing the position of the Free City in relation to Poland and Germany and (dark shaded area) the extent of the territory governed by it under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Nine-tenths of the total population of 200,000 are in the city itself, partly because the rural district, although of great fertility, is subject to periodic floods

BELGIUM'S SURPRISE MOVE

Her Suddenly Declared Plan to Remain Aloof from the Bickerings of the Great European Powers

THE announcement last week by King Leopold of a new foreign policy for Belgium has given the diplomatists furiously to think. Though not unexpected by people "in the know," the move came as a shock. It has jolted up one or two governments, bringing them in face of a new reality. There is now a tendency among officials to feel aggrieved, because the news was not broken more gently. Had it been so, would they have taken as much notice of it? I doubt it. There are times when plain speaking is necessary.

To appreciate the significance of the move, it must be remembered that the policy followed by Belgium since the war has been quite different from that pursued during the eighty years preceding it. Before Germany violated it, her constant attitude was one of strict neutrality. After the armistice the question was mooted of a return to this attitude. In consideration, however, of a defensive alliance offered by France, and also of the protection held out by the newly founded League of Nations, Belgium was induced to abandon her neutrality and pitch her tent in the same camp as France and France's allies.

The change of policy announced by King Leopold, therefore, is not so much a new departure as a resumption of old habits. It is simply a revival of the traditional point of view. Instead of being a link in the chain of victorious, or satisfied, nations—what Germany would call the chain of encirclement—Belgium henceforth will stand aside from European controversies. She will endeavour to be what she was until 1914, a country concerned in guarding her independence, and taking no side in the quarrels of the Great Powers.

KING LEOPOLD who disconcerted Europe by his surprise declaration of Belgium's determination to return to a purely isolationist policy

There is, however, one important difference between the present development and the situation existing before the war. By the old treaty—the "scrap of paper," as Bethmann-Hollweg called it—the Powers simply bound themselves to respect Belgian neutrality. Nothing was stipulated as to their action in the event of a breach, and as the hesitations of England showed in those fateful August days, they were left free to decide what course to take. Under the new proposal, it is generally understood, the Powers, in addition to acknowledging Belgium's neutrality, will be asked to promise their immediate assistance against an invader. In return, and on the principle that God helps those who help themselves, Belgium will use every resource available to her to defend her own territory from attack. This may not seem much to offer; but as King Leopold remarked the geographical position of Belgium is such that the maintenance of her integrity is in itself a contribution to general security.

So much for the broad lines of the new policy. What its effect will be on existing and projected agreements is still the subject of negotiation and cannot be predicted. It will mean, presumably, drastic modification both of the Franco-Belgian military accord of 1920, and also of the arrangements concluded in London with France and Great Britain after the repudiation of the Locarno Treaty by Hitler last spring. Under these arrangements it will be recalled, there was to be a tripartite mutual assistance pact. Belgium now wants none of this. As for the military scheme worked out by the general staffs of the three countries, since its details have never been published, it is impossible to say how it is affected.

Nobody who watches events closely could be surprised by what has happened. The neutrality movement in Belgium has always existed; even during the war it was not completely submerged. Since then, however, it received no real impetus until the Franco-Soviet Pact. This much-debated act of diplomacy opened the rift between Belgium and France, which subsequent events only widened. Belgians do not like Communism. Less still do they like the prospect of being involved in a war.

To Belgium, too, it was clear that when Herr Hitler tore up Locarno, he was envisaging the circumstance of France coming to the aid of one of her allies. In the event of a conflict between Germany and either Russia or Czechoslovakia French assistance could be given only by an attack on the German rear; in other words, by an invasion of the Rhineland. In this event Belgium, as the line of least resistance, stood a good chance of receiving the German counter-offensive.

Strategic considerations, however, were not the only ones in King Leopold's speech. Behind it lay motives connected with internal policy. The recent alliance between "Rex" the Belgian Fascist movement, and the Flemish Nationalist party, has greatly increased the strength of the opposition. The Flemish Nationalists, who aim at the separation of Flanders from the French speaking provinces, are extremely critical of the new defence programme, particularly the extension of military service. To make the military bill acceptable, it was necessary to give some sop to public opinion. The reception given to the King's announcement in Belgium shows that the vast majority are wholly in favour of the new policy,

G. A. M.

SHANGHAI: EASTERN STORM CENTRE

The Landing of the Japanese Marines and Other Recent Happenings

NIPPON RETALIATES: Colonel Inutzo of the Japanese Marine Corps, watching a march past of his men after they had landed on Chinese territory and occupied an area bordering on the Shanghai International Settlement. This action followed swiftly on the shooting by Chinese of three Japanese sailors, the latest of a series of incidents that have caused tension between the two countries

BRITISH TROOPS CROSSING THE GARDEN BRIDGE in the Shanghai International Settlement in order to be in readiness to protect British interests in the event of a clash between the Chinese civil population and the Japanese after the latter had landed a party of marines. There was no violence, however, and the whole dispute between the two countries was submitted to arbitration. In a statement made to the press the Japanese Foreign Minister said that "China has one more chance to make peace with my country. She is now at the cross roads"

AN OFFICER AND A CONSTABLE OF THE WOMEN POLICE, a force recruited by Greater Shanghai Municipality and for service in which some hundreds of girls are now receiving instruction. Before being admitted they have to pass a rigorous medical test

SEEKING CONTRABAND: A Chinese Customs patrol boat, with a native crew under the command of a British officer, setting out from Shanghai to patrol the coast which for a long while past has been rife with smugglers who employ the most ingenious methods of getting their goods ashore and are proving extremely difficult to outwit. The total receipts of the Customs in 1935 amounted to £23,335,312 but this sum, which is partly used for paying off the country's foreign loans, should have been very much greater. The loss of revenue is naturally a cause of great embarrassment to the Government and every effort is being made to right the situation

WATCHDOGS OF THE COAST: A close-up of one of the armoured and wireless equipped Customs patrol boats showing a British officer on board and the gun for use against pirates and smugglers

b

KHARTUM TO KANO

A WOMAN OF DARFUR with her child slung behind her in the manner characteristic of the natives of Eastern Sudan and her hair divided up into innumerable plaits. A picture taken on the route of the new Imperial Airways Air Mail service between Khartum and Kano, Nigeria—a service that was inaugurated last February and, although temporarily interrupted because of the risk of transporting yellow fever mosquitoes in the machines, is now running regularly once a week. The stopping places are El Obeid, El Fasher, Geneina (all in the Eastern Sudan), Abesher, Ati, Fort Lamy (Equatorial Africa), and Malduguri (Bornu Province of Nigeria). The flying distance is 1,800 miles

"MOUNT OF THE BIRDS": This rocky peak, said to be inaccessible to man, rears itself above the plains of French Equatorial Africa and is a landmark the Imperial Airways pilots watch out for as they approach the Mongo district. In the foreground are the ubiquitous thorn trees which offer little shade to the foot traveller through the bush

A SADDLER IN KANO MARKET with some of the cruel sharp-edged bits used by Nigeria horsemen and which, though effective, a responsible for the deformed and bleedi mouths of so many of their steed Steps are now being taken to abolish the

THE WONDERLAND OF NORTHERN NIGERIA: A native, armed with a sword that he probably acquired from visiting traders, standing in the waters of the Ribou, a river that still retains all its natural scenic beauty, being one of the few in this region that has not been subjected to tin dredging operations. Lying on th bank is an old dug-out canoe once the only means of crossing and now discarded i favour of a pontoon ferry. The climate here is much better than in the Niger delt

Sights and Scenes on the New Air Mail Route Across the African Continent Linking Sudan and Nigeria—About 1,800 Miles Through Little-known Bush Country

WATER CARRIERS AT EL FASHER, the second stopping place of the westbound air mail planes, where there is a fine natural landing ground which is quite often used by private flyers, and has been visited this year by the Duchess of Bedford. El Fasher is the scene of the picturesque annual ceremony of "the feeding of the poor" at which the destitute and the afflicted throng round the local courthouse to share in a distribution of grain and raw meat. Three bulls are specially slaughtered for the occasion

A QUAINT COIFFURE: A Fulani milkmaid with her hair done in a stiff plait and curving out above the nape of the neck. The women of her race are often masculine in appearance with strikingly regular features denoting Caucasian origin

HAZARDS OF THE HIGHWAY: A lorry being re-loaded after sticking in the sand, a frequent occurrence when en route from El Obeid to El Fasher, along one of the worst roads used by motors in the Sudan and which is open only during the dry season. Until the coming of the air service this has been the fastest means of transit across the Continent and, even so, the speed attained is seldom more than 15 m.p.h.

A FULANI CAMP: These herdsmen of the Kano district belong to the all-conquering race which swept into Nigeria from Western and Central Sudan early in the nineteenth century and founded the Sokoto Empire. The Fulani are hybrids between the negro and the Caucasian stocks, and are very intelligent, have a frank bearing, are trustworthy, and possess considerable decision of character. They are industrious, too, practising agriculture, rearing cattle, and working in metal

SAMPLING THE WINE OF FELLOWSHIP: Members of the British party, which included fifteen M.Ps and the Lord Chief Justice, at the reception held in their honour in the beautiful town hall at Rheims when they visited the capital of the Champagne country and later toured the vineyards and viewed the whole process of wine making. *On right*—Taking lunch in an old cellar excavated in Roman times and lying some 170 ft. below the busy streets of Rheims

A Brighter Continent

OFF GOLD

Devalued Currencies and What They Mean to the Tourist Industry

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN Paris, the other noon, someone hailed from a small two-seater which, among other things, crosses the Channel for slightly over a pound.

I approached, and in the nameless wonder sat a painter (beaming) whom I had not seen in years. His companion was new.

"Isn't it great?" he wrung lustily, introducing at the same stroke.

"What's great?"

"Why, this franc! And the lira is bound to follow, isn't it? Anyhow, that's what we're praying for. Italy again! Meanwhile we're heading for Martigues. Lord, I'm about stuffed with Anglesey and Connemara!"

But it wasn't to be Martigues. While still at our *déjeuner dévalué*, the news hawkers came hurtling by with the alignment of the lira. We bought, read—93 to the £—no, better still—a tourist lira at 100. Better still—Mussolini decrees that no costings directly involving foreign visitors shall be augmented for a period of two years.

It was the end of a perfect *déjeuner dévalué* for my two companions who could hardly be kept seated for the coffee, so keenly did they want to get out on the road to Dijon.

As they departed, waving, I looked after them. Were they really the heralds of spring after one increasing winter, after five interminable years of expanding gloom and emptiness abroad? I thought of the vanished colonies they conjured, those gay, upthrowals of pre-world dislocation days. Would these ever return? Five autumns ago I had written "The Old Folks Go Home." The thousands who had asked nothing more than to linger finally in the sun. How many of these now *could* return? Later there had been occasion to depict the break-up of what some are pleased to sniff at as "the writing and painting people." What of these, or their successors? Should they soon be out again on the roads of Tuscany and Provence?

And the more respectable sort of people who had dug in abroad, the stayaways by nature, sometimes by compulsion or request? Had they now gone too, Channel Islands or Devon or Eastbourne, to uproot once again in favour of cheapened stamping grounds of yore—the Riviera, the Basqueland, Lake Geneva, Rapallo, Rome? Which led on to consideration of personal roving in the dour years and to the reflection that if nothing, not even lashings of money, could have rendered the interlude inspiring for anyone choosing to take in his or her surroundings—"the relentless deterioration of the international situation"—matters had been made decidedly worse by the nigh total eclipse of past friends and corners in this and that capital or country. Not only had the friends gone, but the places they frequented had been largely closed down in consequence.

Yes, there were bright patches. Spain was a godsend. In the Balearics, along the Costa Brava to Barcelona, in Seville, Malaga, Zaraus, Madrid, one would come upon relics of those well-known mixed-grill cosmopolitan colonies, mostly formed of people driven from the dearer gold lands. They used to say they represented the Last Stand of their kind. Well, we shall see. Though certainly they were that for poor Spain over which awful, forbidding memory must plane for many a day.

Portugal, by sea, was good, brief fare.

The glistening and lucky North lands, just too good and ordered for some, offered seasonal, thronged, and cheering asylum. Austria had a rising if dearish vogue. In later times packed and cheap little Belgium lured a weird potpourri of inveterates of the foreign field; while the Reich of Schachtian magic, of the Tourist Mark at 22 to the £, won mounting custom, when some others may have been as puzzled as I was by all the belt-tightening and better-have-guns-than-butter oratory, in so far as in few other latitudes did the natives seem to do themselves prouder. Such, at all events, was the verdict of four after three weeks of the West, Centre, and South this summer.

Yet none of these, save Spain, had been our pleasure-lands of preference.

France, Italy, Switzerland.

And each as good as barred, ever since 1931, to all but rarefied diehards.

What shall be the tale this coming season, with Italy devaluing 41 per cent., Switzerland, 40 per cent., and France not far behind and probably extending to 110 francs or even 120 francs to the £ before New Year? That there must be a rush, is obvious. One thinks of the multitude that has been held at home year after year, only straining to get away again. Especially in ensuing times, if all holds well, may be anticipated an eager sallying forth of the quite young, those round twenty, who were at school when the smash came and now want to see something, having been cheated for too long by all this crass gold idiocy. And it should broaden their minds, as it did ours in Georgian days; and very necessary.

"See Europe before the bombs fall" reads part of an American pronunciamento that is going out. At least youth will not be deterred by the possibility of getting into a sudden mix-up, though this could well weigh heavily with former residents abroad, who may be toying with the notion of returning for any length of time. There should be a markedly less permanent note about things. Not that such need mar the picture that one likes to think has been facilitated, of a Continent circulating once more, something like the old international *va-et-vient* again. Not only of tourists, but of those on business bent.

Since devaluation stepped in we have been regaled with stories of an impending new era, of how "the resultant smoothing away of international trade friction" should bring the peoples together again in greater harmony, and one does believe there is something to it, particularly the human, the circulating, end of it. If the tourist market can get going again, if the dismally damp and depressing Western Europe of recent years can be even in part dispelled, the effect can scarcely be other than to vouchsafe further breathing time for us all. May not people have been thrown back upon themselves too much, left to brood what a wretch was the absent foreigner?

"*L'absent a toujours tort.*" A proverb that may or may not hover vaguely in connection with a measure of what has befallen us of late. The captain of a Channel packet said to me: "In this port, they've been talking against the English ever since we stopped coming here." It is hard to duck the fact that the period of our absence from the Continent (we, its greatest devotees) has coincided with—well, no noticeable rise in our prestige.

People, in sum, should be ready to see one another again, and if they're not, it will do them good, if only on account of all the charming, calculated indiscretions they've been hearing about each other.

One of the great incentives to get going in the direction of past favourites hinges on the big reduction in fares: how many have been baulked at the start by this factor, no matter how much hotels abroad sought to reduce. Yet, in view of certain published statements promising a big development in *de luxe* travel as one of the important sequels to depreciation, one hopes the intention is not to overdo things with a flock of pink, puce, and purple trains, if only in the interest of the "animators" themselves.

It might be as well for Continental animators in general to bear steadily in mind that the alignment of their moneys (when the £ did the same it *crashed* in the foreign newspapers) only draws us level and does not shove us richly ahead. In other words, don't bat the golden goose on the head a second time. A great chance offers to recuperate; the part of wisdom is to handle it longsightedly.

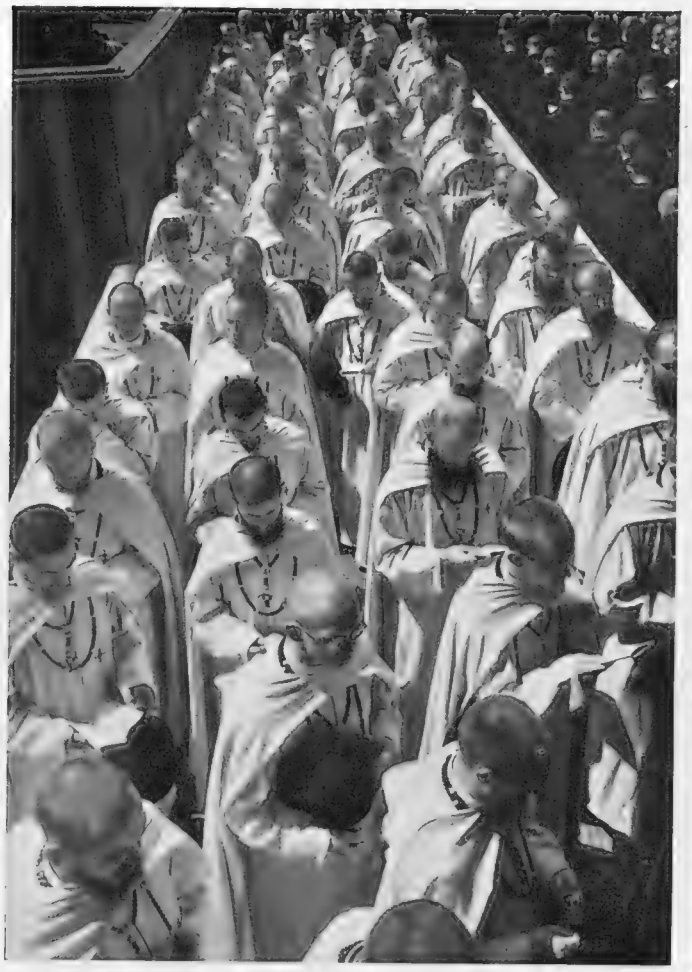
Writing chiefly here of Switzerland, Italy, and France, a word or two may be indicated in two directions, probably in many people's minds; fear of disorders and possible rise in prices.

Switzerland should have a bumper winter sports season, and if there is any staying-in on the part of staffs it should be because of the temperature. Not a whiff of trouble gathering on the snowscape. Nor need one expect a rise in prices that will really matter, although some variations there are bound to be. Apart from our friends the Swiss being a solid-headed people, currency depreciations are far easier matters in small, close-knit countries than in large and heated, far-flung, multi-interested societies. That is one reason why Belgium got away with it.

Turning to Duceland, prices affecting visitors are certain to be held grimly down, as advertised; nor is it in the way of this land, as currently organised, to foment trouble. Its denizens will be (voluntarily)

(*Continued on page 166*)

EUROPE FROM A PEACEFUL ANGLE : Some Glimpses of Life in France, Germany, and Jugoslavia



FARING FORTH TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL: Priests who have been taking a course in missiology and languages at the Monastery of the Wise Father in Treves, Prussia, and who will shortly be leaving to work in Central Africa. A picture taken during a farewell service

REAPING TIME IN THE RHINELAND: A decorated float loaded with sheaves of corn, pumpkins, apples, and other produce which took part in a harvest thanksgiving procession in a village just outside Cologne. Of recent years this festival in Germany has undergone a great change and, strange as it may seem, it now has a distinctly political rather than a religious significance

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE VIEW DAY: Dusting the pictures after hanging at the Salon d'Automne, the famous Paris art show which is being held this year in a new pavilion on the Esplanade des Invalides

THANKSGIVING: When the last field has been reaped the farmers of Lippe, N.W. Germany, adorn their barns with harvest wreaths such as this. They are made up of multi-coloured ribbons

THE SQUIRE OF BERCHTESGADEN: Chancellor Hitler chatting with country children who called to see him and bring him gifts at his Bavarian home, Haus Wachenfeld. When the cares of State allow he delights to spend a week-end there and to roam the pine forests

WAITING TO GREET THE REGENT: Peter II of Jugoslavia on the platform at Belgrade before Prince Paul's arrival back from a visit abroad. With the young monarch are his brothers, Tomislav and Andrei, and also Princess Paul (right) and her mother, Princess Nicholas of Greece

ANYTHING FROM BLACKSMITHING TO DRESSMAKING can be learnt at the new Paris Professional School, which has 2,000 students and gives a business training in addition to the normal curriculum in order to help young people to avoid a long and unremunerative apprenticeship. Here some of the girl pupils are learning manicuring and permanent waving

A JOURNEY TO SECRET SHABWA

Hans Helfritz Recounts His Impressions of the Mysterious City in the Arabian Hadramut which Before His Coming Had Never Been Visited by a European, and from which He was Hastily Expelled

A CAMP IN THE DESERT: Some of the friendly Beduin with whom Herr Helfritz travelled part of the way to Shabwa, the goal of his journey through the interior of the Hadramut, in places a featureless land with only a few stunted trees to afford protection from the pitiless sun and with few oases

PEOPLE OF THE SECRET CITY: A man and woman of Shabwa, the latter heavily veiled. One of the pictures Herr Helfritz took during his brief stay

Shabwa, capital of the ancient kingdom of the Himyarites, named by Pliny the "city of the sixty temples," and possibly the Sheba of the Bible story, lies in the remote Hadramut region of south-western Arabia, and while in modern days it has possessed none of its pristine greatness it has been, at the same time, a place of incredible mystery, its inhabitants' notorious xenophobia rendering it intensely difficult of access. Two Europeans have been there during the present year, however, and though they have not learnt all its secrets, the veil over our knowledge has at least been in part lifted.

The first of these visitors was Hans Helfritz, whose camera record of his journey appears on these pages and who, in the accompanying article, recounts his impressions of Shabwa and his thrilling but unenviable experiences as he was forcibly expelled within a few hours of his arrival. The second visitor was Mr. St. John Philby, the eminent Arabian explorer, who was much more fortunate in his reception as he was travelling under the aegis of the all-powerful King Ibn Saud. His investigations into the size of the ancient city show that there can never have been sixty temples or anything like that number within the walls, so Pliny was doubtless drawing on his imagination in his description. The ruins, too, have not stood the test of time, as, it now appears, they were constructed of rock salt from neighbouring mines. In spite of this, though, Shabwa is of absorbing interest, and doubtless in years to come important revelations will be made.

ON previous expeditions in the South Arabian desert, when I crossed the peninsula from the Persian Gulf to Yemen, I came across many stones bearing old Sabaeic inscriptions, sculpture, and ancient cultural implements. Passing through Hadramut I heard of a township away off the track; Shabwa, which according to the tales of my Beduin, still preserved remains of a past glorious empire. I made an attempt to reach this city, but like one or two who had tried before, I failed to even approach it, for the inhabitants of that region are extremely bellicose and distrustful of strangers. No money or other inducement will change their attitude.

From the time of that abortive effort to reach the mysterious city my interest steadily increased, until the desire to investigate the place became almost an obsession. Shabwa, I came to suspect, was identical with the Biblical Sheba, whence the legendary queen set out in all her splendour to visit the King of Israel.

On my third expedition I landed at Sheher on the Indian Ocean, and there organised my caravan. Outside the walls of the city Beduin have founded settlements with primitive huts of wood and straw, and a short distance from one of these settlements a large caravan of sixty

EATING HIS FILL: A camel attendant sits among the unloaded bales and enjoys the meal which has been hastily prepared during a halt on the northward journey through the Hadramut. His tangled mass of hair and almost bare body give him a rather wild and primitive appearance

WITHIN THE WALLS OF SHABWA: The rest-house where He of his arrival, hidden from the prying eyes of the inhabitants. O was discovered, but he managed to see something of the place befor

THE LONG, LONG TREK: Camels crossing stony country in the mountain area just to the south of Shabwa

TRAVELLER'S REST: Cooking a meal beneath the welcome shade of an oasis palm

Beduin and 200 camels rested before starting upon a march into the interior. I decided to join forces with them.

A large caravan, such as ours, can move only very slowly, for as each camel from time to time halts for a moment's rest or to ease its load, all the animals behind are held up. It was high noon when we halted the whole caravan in the shade of some scanty bushes for a general rest—and now for the first time I was able to make a real acquaintance with our Beduin. Some of them had never seen a white man before, but amongst the crowd were one or two whom I had met on earlier expeditions. They seemed overjoyed to see me again, and the recognition was like the re-union of old friends. Immediately a comradely concord was created, and I was henceforward treated as one of themselves. So it was a large united community that from now on shared all the many fatigues of a tedious desert journey.

Space does not allow of an account of the long trek, and I will therefore take the reader to Shabwa itself, leaving the pictures reproduced here to give an idea of the type of country we crossed.

The inhabitants of the poor settlement which stands to-day on the ruins of the old Shabwa, never, if they can help it, allow a stranger to enter the town. Superstition and poverty are their reasons. They believe that immense treasures are hidden underneath the ruins of the ancient city and fear that a stranger would seize them. Though they are incredibly poor, their only source of income being from the sale of the salt they find in the mountains, neither by gifts nor money can they be persuaded to allow anyone to bring a foreigner into their city. We had, therefore, to resort to ruse, and decided to take the city by surprise at night-time. In doing so we were successful.

After having been en route the whole day and half of the night we approached the city at 2 a.m. without having met a soul, as all the Beduin stayed with their tribes to celebrate a forthcoming festival. While I was doubting whether we should reach our destination this night at all, the ruins of a wall seemed suddenly to rise out of nothing, and then I realised that we had already almost entered Shabwa. I recognised some fortifications, decayed mud huts and a mosque with a conical roof, the horns of ibex being fixed on the four corners.

As nobody expected our coming, we were able to enter the town unnoticed. Carefully we climbed the little hill and felt our way through the streets. None of us spoke a word, and almost noiselessly we went deeper into the city. Somewhere a dog barked, but then again all became silent. In front of a rest-house, to which Salim possessed the keys, we dismounted and led the camels into a little courtyard. Up a narrow staircase, which led from the outer side of the house to a door opening into the interior, I entered the house. If all the painstaking preparations and all our efforts were not to

(Continued on page 166)

SALIM: The caravan leader who guided Herr Helfritz on his way to Shabwa. A bold fellow and astute, ever ready to deal with the emergencies of the journey. *Below*—A Beduin couple standing near the summit of one of the three hills of Shabwa

Helfritz spent the night the next day his presence being forcibly ejected

A ROCK FORMATION IN THE HADRAMUT, where wind erosion has created many fantastic shapes. Hundreds of feet below is the Wadi Na'er, a deep and narrow ravine which lies on the main trade route from the port of Sheher, on the Arabian Sea, to the interior of the country

TO THE SNOW BY AIR: A Swiss air liner passing across France on the new winter three-hour service from London to Zürich, inaugurated primarily for the use of English winter sports enthusiasts wishing to avoid the steamer crossing and long and tiresome rail journey. Zürich is reached at lunch time and from there practically every resort in the Bernese Oberland is within fairly easy reach

THE ROYAL PLANE: An impression of the King's De Havilland Dragon Rapide in flight. *Below*—A striking cloud study taken while flying over Kent en route to the Continent

WHY NOT FLY?

What the British Public is Missing in not Making Wider Use of the Facilities for Air Travel

By G. A. MARTELLI

IN an age when week-end flights to South Africa and back are no longer a dream but an accomplished fact, there is a danger of overlooking the humbler feats of the aeroplane. The passion for records may encourage invention, but it undoubtedly tends to obscure what is useful. In the case of aviation it is by no means certain that the pursuit of speed has not actually been harmful. While admiring the achievements of the Scotts and Mollisons we come to consider ourselves, with regard to flying, as onlookers. It is nice to know that the Atlantic can be crossed between breakfast and dinner, but the knowledge does not necessarily impel us into the air. In fact, rather the contrary. For it reassures us that the world is progressing without our aid, and seems to justify us in continuing comfortably—or rather uncomfortably—in our old methods of travel.

The complaint is often voiced that the British are not yet sufficiently air-minded. A recent trip from London to Budapest by the regular Imperial Airways service convinced both of its justice and also of its serious implications. It taught me just how much we are missing through the slowness of the general public to adapt itself to flying.

In this case the aeroplane does the journey in eight hours as compared with thirty-six taken by the train; costs less than the first-class railway ticket with sleeper, and only £5 more for the return than second class, not counting the tips and meals which always have to be added to the train fare. Moreover, it puts you down at your destination rested and refreshed, and with the feeling that there has been scarcely any break in the rhythm of normal existence.

Flying has certain positive values; though no longer novel, the conquest of the air is still sufficiently revolutionary to be exhilarating. Partaking of it even as mere passenger, one can yet feel a superman, member of a superior caste. More than this, the actual experience—the discovery of another element to which we are not yet habituated, the sense of power and mastery over the physical universe—are even now unusual, stimulating, renovating.

To begin with there is the machine itself, than which none more beautiful has been created since the sailing ship. At the risk of appearing naïve, I confess I can still be thrilled by the lines of a monoplane, and consider it as one of the few saving graces of an otherwise ugly mechanical era that the science of aerodynamics has imposed an æstheticism on the designers of aircraft.

At Croydon, you are shepherded with the briefest delay from the waiting hall on to the concrete embarking floor and into the plane. (Incidentally, the care taken of their customers by the air companies, in such striking contrast to the casual manners of most railway officials, is a phenomenon not sufficiently remarked on.)

While you are still arranging your things, one engine after another is started up until they are all four roaring impatiently, and a minute later you are being jolted across the field to the starting point. There are few sensations more exciting than taking off in a powerful aeroplane. The sudden acceleration of the engines as it turns into the wind; the rush of the grass—ever faster—as it tears across the aerodrome, the gradual release of tension as the wheels skim the ground, and the almost imperceptible lightening as they leave it, to continue spinning in space while the gap below steadily widens; these are moments of sheer joy which never pall and give a fresh zest to every departure.

Climbing and banking steeply, for a few seconds yet you belong to the earth, whose houses and gardens, though viewed as land, still retain the substance of reality. But this interlude is brief. By the time the pilot has flattened and straightened his course the world has already fallen far away, and the buildings and open spaces of suburbia are so many two-dimensional patterns of colour on a board.

The Budapest plane makes no stop at Brussels and in less than two hours from the start we had left the serried fields and teeming towns of Belgium behind and were flying across Germany. Our first halt was at Cologne and it was here I realised for the first time what aviation means to an air-minded nation like the Germans. Cologne is only one of the, and not even among the half-dozen most important, German airports, and what I saw there I was able to observe on a larger scale in several others.

As on every occasion that I landed in Germany, the thing that impressed about the place was its vitality. This was not only due to the amount of traffic that was being dealt with—though planes seemed to be arriving and leaving every few minutes—but also to the tremendous interest taken in the proceedings by the public. Like all the others, the station itself was brand new and very attractive; a long, low, flat-roofed building dazzlingly white in the brilliant sunshine. On a wide terrace in front of it, and separated only by a low rail from the flying ground, a crowd of contented people sat eating and drinking at little tables. The genius of the Teutonic race for combining bodily refreshment with entertainment and instruction, not to mention propaganda, was never more impressively demonstrated. Enjoying themselves more than anybody was a large party of school children.

There is a reverse side to every medal, however, and as everybody who has been there knows, the concomitant to efficiency in Germany is officiousness. No smoke is more delicious than the first cigarette after landing and I had just lit up when a military-looking individual in a green and grey uniform—he might equally well have been a soldier, a policeman, or an air official—politely drew my attention to a large notice forbidding smoking. After this I was inclined to be irritated by the quite unnecessary fuss over passport and currency; but a quick drink in the sun-bathed café restored my temper and gave me an appetite for the excellent luncheon which had been put on board for me at Croydon.

At Leipzig, where we made another stop of fifteen minutes, there was the same excellent organisation accompanied by the same excessive formalities. One crossed the Czech frontier full of admiration but with a sense of relief, and it was pleasant to land at Vienna, in spite of the shabbiness of the airport, and find only one gendarme and him relatively indifferent either as to one's origin, destination, or extent of one's portable wealth.

From Vienna to Budapest is just over an hour by air and though it was now nearly dark we had the comfortable certainty of arriving in good time for dinner. We were actually there a little after seven, having left Croydon at ten in the morning. As I filled in the registration form at my hotel I was informed by the *concierge* that 200 English people had arrived from London the same afternoon. They had come by train. They had been travelling for two days and a night.

MILITARY AIRCRAFT ON HOME AND FOREIGN SERVICE

Singapore III's for Singapore—The Queen Bee Gives Target Practice to H.M.S. "Nelson" and "Rodney"

Charles E. Brown

BOUND FOR MALAYAN WATERS: Loading bombs on one of the five giant Short Singapore III flying boats which are now being flown out to Singapore to strengthen the Far East Command of the Royal Air Force and are due to reach their destination early next month. These craft, the largest at present in commission in the R.A.F., are fitted with four Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines and normally carry a crew of six. Earlier this year they were on duty in the Middle East and later returned to Pembroke Dock for overhauling

THE PILOTLESS WONDER: The wireless controlled plane Queen Bee being catapulted from H.M.S. *Neptune* during exercises by the Home Fleet. The machine remained in the air three hours, being controlled by an officer on the bridge of *Neptune* and used as a target by *Nelson* and *Rodney*. They failed to shoot it down however, and eventually it made a perfect landing. *Right*—A novel feature of the new Westland Army Co-operation monoplane is the pair of landing lights fitted in the "spats" covering the wheels

"TASSO IN PRISON": Delacroix's picture of the great poet in the bedlam of St. Anna, where he spent seven years. A fine example of the work of an artist who followed with distinction the Tintoretto-Rubens Baroque tradition

"LA BELLE ZELIE": The portrait of Mme Aymon by J. A. D. Ingres, lent by Rouen Museum to the last Exhibition of French Art at the Royal Academy. The painter remained an uncompromising adherent of the Classic school all his life

"THE MAN WITH THE PIPE": A self-portrait by Gustave Courbet, a realist in politics as in art. He refused the Cross of the Legion of Honour offered him by Napoleon III and in 1871 joined the Commune, afterwards being sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a heavy fine

"LA PLAGE À TROUVILLE": A typical work by Louis Eugène Boudin, a disciple of Corot, who specialised in marine landscapes, including harbour and plage scenes in his native Normandy. This canvas was lent to the Royal Academy French Exhibition by M. Germain Seligmann, of Paris

FRENCH ARTISTS OF THE NINETEENTH

Arranged for "The Sphere" by R. H. Wilensky—the Painters whose Incom

	Artist	Dates	Style of Work
I	EUGÈNE DELACROIX	1798–1863	DRAMATIC–ROMANTIC
II	J. A. D. INGRES	1780–1867	PSEUDO-CLASSIC
III	GUSTAVE COURBET	1819–1877	DRAMATIC REALIST
IV	HONORÉ DAUMIER	1808–1879	DRAMATIC REALIST
V	CAMILLE COROT	1796–1875	LYRICAL NATURALIST
VI	L. E. BOUDIN	1824–1898	NATURALIST
VII	CONSTANTIN GUYS	1805–1892	ROMANTIC REALIST
VIII	EDOUARD MANET	1832–1883	DRAMATIC REALIST, THEN IMPRESSIONIST
IX	CAMILLE PISSARRO	1830–1903	IMPRESSIONIST
X	CLAUDE MONET	1840–1926	PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSIONIST
XI	ALFRED SISLEY	1840–1899	IMPRESSIONIST
XII	BERTHE MORISOT	1840–1895	IMPRESSIONIST
XIII	EDGAR DEGAS	1834–1917	ROMANTIC REALIST
XIV	TOULOUSE-LAUTREC	1864–1901	ROMANTIC REALIST
XV	AUGUSTE RENOIR	1840–1919	IMPRESSIONIST, THEN CLASSICAL REALIST
XVI	GEORGES SEURAT	1859–1891	CLASSICAL REALIST
XVII	PAUL GAUGUIN	1848–1903	CLASSICAL REALIST
XVIII	VINCENT VAN GOGH	1853–1890	ROMANTIC IMPRESSIONIST
XIX	PAUL CÉZANNE	1839–1906	CLASSICAL REALIST
XX	HENRI ROUSSEAU	1844–1910	CLASSICAL REALIST
XXI	ODILON REDON	1842–1916	SURREALIST

The twenty-one artists listed above made the most vital creative gestures in French nineteenth-century painting. The celebrated Romantic Realist, J. F. Millet (1840–1895), painter of "L'Angelus"; the Pseudo-Classic decorator, Puvis de Chavannes (1824–1898); the Photographic Naturalists, Fantin Latour (1836–1904), Eugène Carrière (1849–1906); and the Social Critic, Forain (1852–1930), are now widely regarded as masters of the second rank. From Romantic and Realist beginnings French nineteenth-century painting developed on photographic lines when the Impressionists concentrated on effects of light; it was only the leading Impressionist masters who enriched the photographic vision by engaging colour and brushwork and personal comments. The classical reaction led by Seurat, Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir in his old age, and the Douanier Rousseau formed the basis of a new type of classical painting in the twentieth century. This movement, which

CENTURY: A CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY

parable Work is at Present Occupying the Attention of London Art Lovers

Biographical Details and Other Notes

Demonstration pictures for the Salon and decorative compositions for public buildings. Leader of Romantic movement in painting from c. 1830. Followed Tintoretto-Rubens Baroque tradition as distinguished from Raphael Classical tradition. Rich colourist.

Aspired to Raphael Classical tradition, though Romantic at heart. Hence hybrid character in paintings of nudes. Produced sensitive portraits and compositions in youth; lascivious nudes and portraits like coloured daguerreotypes in old age. Subtle draughtsman, acid colourist. Lived much in Rome. Bitter enemy of Delacroix. Vintage years 1805–1815.

Enormous scenes of contemporary life with life-size figures; also landscapes, seascapes, and nudes. Influenced by Caravaggio. Stood for excluding classical themes and Wardour Street flummeries from art. Influenced Zola. Became involved in the Commune. Died, ruined, in Switzerland. Vintage years, 1849–1860.

Lithographer and press illustrator of topical subjects. Painted only in his spare time. Paintings influenced by Delacroix and Rembrandt.

Gentle naturalistic views and wooded landscapes, sometimes with figures. Influenced by Claude le Lorrain and by photographs. Admired by Impressionists. Master of Pissarro.

Small seascapes, harbour scenes, plage scenes, with figures. Influenced by Corot.

Lively and delicate pen and wash drawings, sometimes tinted, of French Second Empire life. Drew entirely from memory. Friend of Baudelaire and Manet. Influenced Manet.

Influenced in youth by Velasquez and Goya, then by Courbet and Guys, then by Photographic Impressionism. Pioneer in battle against academic pseudo-classical and pseudo-romantic art. Painted portraits, scenes of daily life, still life, and compositions.

Influenced by Corot and Courbet, then pioneer Impressionist with Monet and Renoir. Influenced in the 'eighties by Seurat. Vintage periods: (landscapes) 1865–1870; (townscapes and port scenes) 1890–1903.

Concentrated on effects of sunlight on haystacks, buildings, canals, lily ponds, etc., at different hours of the day.

Follower of Pissarro and Monet.

Pupil and follower of Corot; then of Manet.

Trained in Ingres tradition. Converted to Impressionist theory. Scenes of daily life with *soi-disant* impromptu composition influenced by photographs. Stressed character in paintings and pastels of ballet dancers, women at their toilette, etc. Modelled in the 'eighties and frequently in old age. Vintage period 1875–1895.

Follower of Degas. Scenes of contemporary night life with emphasis on character. Also portraits. Pioneer poster designer, influenced by Japanese prints.

Influenced by Courbet, then Manet. Then pioneer Impressionist with Pissarro and Monet surpassing both as colourist. After 1883 influenced by Classical Renaissance, then being, consciously, worked out by Cézanne and Seurat and, unconsciously, by the Douanier Rousseau. Landscapes, portraits, scenes of contemporary life, and nudes. Developed monumental style in old age. Life-long admirer of Delacroix.

Leader with Cézanne of conscious reaction against Photographic Impressionism. Used spectrum palette; applied paint in dots (known therefore as Pointilliste). Aimed at considered relations of lines and forms, serenity, balance. Painted (1881–1891) seven large compositions (scenes of contemporary life) and about twenty port scenes.

Began c. 1880 as Impressionist and pupil of Pissarro. Developed c. 1888 Synthetist manner in line with classical reaction of the time (Seurat, Cezanne, Douanier Rousseau). In touch with Odilon Redon, Mallarmé, and other ancestors of Surrealism. Rhythmic designer, sonorous colourist. Pioneer of modern wood engraving. Vintage years, 1888–1900.

Born in Holland. Influenced at first by Dutch School. After 1887 by Impressionists and Seurat. In 1888 by Gauguin. Feverishly emotional personality. Became insane. Modern Expressionist and Fauve schools largely based on his work.

Associated in youth with Zola and Impressionists. Influenced first by Courbet, Delacroix, and Manet. After 1885 worked out Classical Renaissance in landscape, portraits, still life studies, and figure compositions. Painted mainly in Provence. Said "All form in nature is based on the sphere, the cone, and cylinder," and "Painting is not the servile copying of things seen, but the extraction of a harmony from numerous relations." Inspiration of Cubist movement.

Known as the Douanier Rousseau. Went to Mexico in army 1860. Employed in Customs and Excise 1872–1885. Painted 1885 onwards. Regular exhibitor, Salon des Independants, 1886–1910; and Salon d'Automne, 1903–1907. Unconscious Classical master. Painted portraits, townscapes, jungle scenes (from Mexican memories), figure compositions, and flowers. Influenced Gauguin; also Picasso, Matisse, and other modern artists.

Pioneer in field now known as Surrealism—Brought to fame by Huysmans' "A Rebours" in 1884. Lithographer till 1898. Then pastellist.

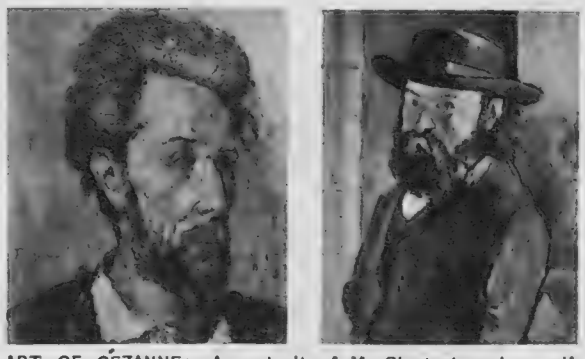
from Seurat to Picasso, may be called the Cubist-Classical Renaissance, substituted symbolic and synthetist formal statements for purely visual impressions. Van Gogh's emotional approach, vigorous touch, and vivid colouring exercised great influence on twentieth-century Fauve and Expressionist developments, Matisse, Rouault, etc. The term Post-Impressionist applied at one time to Gauguin, Van Gogh, Cézanne, Seurat, and Toulouse-Lautrec has now been dropped by students because it fails to distinguish the "sport" personalities, Van Gogh and Lautrec, from the pioneers of the Cubist-Classical Renaissance. Modern Surrealism, of which Odilon Redon and to some extent Gauguin were pioneers, was launched in 1911–1913 by G. de Chirico and Marc Chagall. Taken as a whole, painting in France from Delacroix to the Surrealists must be judged a splendid achievement of the creative spirits rivalling the great productions of other countries in the past.

R. H. W.

"THE HORSE POND": In this picture, shown at the Daumier Exhibition in London last May, the artist used delightful muted colours as distinct from the almost monochromatic scheme in many of his studies. During his life he was best known as a political caricaturist

"LA REPÉTITION" BY DEGAS who earned distinction by his portrayals of the ballet, the composition deriving much from the Japanese. He was trained in the Ingres tradition and later converted to the Impressionist theory

REBELS AGAINST THE CONVENTIONS: "L'Amazone" by Renoir and "Portrait de Méry Laurent" by Manet who at different times in their careers were both Impressionists. The latter's work was once the subject of vast criticism



ART OF CÉZANNE: A portrait of M. Chognet and a self portrait by the painter who achieved fame as one of the leaders of the young extremist group in the revolt against the reactionary tyranny of the French Salon

"L'APPEL" by Gauguin (*left*) and a portrait by Van Gogh (*right*). These two pictures, together with some of those reproduced above, are now on view at the exhibition of nineteenth-century French painting at the New Burlington Galleries

TREASURES OF THE PRADO

Famed Works of Art whose Safety may be Threatened by the Siege of Madrid

BY SPAIN'S GREATEST MASTER: King Philip IV (*left*) and the Infanta Margarita (*right*), two of the many magnificent examples of the art of Velasquez which dominate the galleries of the Museo del Prado in Madrid, home of one of the world's foremost and most valuable art collections. Velasquez was comparatively neglected until the latter half of the last century when, with the founding of the Impressionist school, he was hailed as a genius by such painters as Manet and Whistler

GIANTS OF THE RENAISSANCE REPRESENTED IN THE PRADO: Albrecht Dürer's self-portrait (*left*) and Titian's "Charles V at the Battle of Mühlberg" (*right*)

While Franco's armies have been gathering round Madrid for their great assault and the Government forces have been rallying to the defence, many have pondered on the nature of the capital's fate, and art lovers the world over must have directed their thoughts to the Prado, that treasure house of a nation's artistic genius, hoping that it would benefit from its comparatively isolated position and remain unscathed. The Prado contains about 2,500 paintings, and among these the Spanish school is so well represented that it is possible for the student to make a full survey of its progress and development as he looks on the works of Velasquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, Ribera, Goya, and other men of almost equal genius. The Flemish School, as might be expected considering the long connection between Spain and the Low Countries, also presents a rich and very varied collection, including canvases by Van Eyck· Brueghel, Massys, and Rubens, while wonderful paintings by Raphael, del Sarto, Correggio, and Titian reflect Italy's golden age

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DOVER'S TRAIN FERRY DOCK

A Great Engineering Work that Set its Constructors the Most Baffling Problems

A MIGHTY UNDERTAKING: A general view showing the situation of the new Channel train ferry dock at Dover which has just been inaugurated as part of the through sleeping car service from London to Paris but was completed only after its engineers had overcome unsuspected difficulties arising from faults in the strata of the sea bed and the impossibility of pumping the area dry. Indeed, problems of considerable complexity arose almost daily

NEITHER an engineer nor a layman would ever be likely to claim anything very spectacular in the appearance of the new Dover Dock, but nevertheless it is safe to say that for years to come its construction will be regarded as an engineering feat of the first importance. A technical but most lucid account of some of the difficulties of the work appeared in recent issues of *The Engineer*, in which it was pointed out that it was decided to enclose the site with concrete walls roughly 25 ft. in thickness which could be built on mass concrete foundations previously laid under water by divers, and afterwards place a caisson in position, pump out the area thus enclosed, and complete the work in the "dry" in the usual manner.

During the progress of constructing the foundations for these walls, which were laid by divers in the solid chalk as deep as 50 ft. below high-water level, nothing was discovered which gave rise to any misgiving that the work as outlined could not be done but, on the contrary, the chalk was found to be of hard and consistently solid nature.

When, however, the operation of pumping was put into effect it was found that owing to the existence of fissures in the chalk rock forming the sea-bed, which were now for the first time disclosed, the water came up through the bottom faster than it could be pumped out, and although some weeks were spent in depositing mud on the outer side of the enclosing walls, in the hope that it would be sucked into the fissures and thus seal them, this device was found to be of no benefit. Consideration was therefore given to the possibility of freezing a certain thickness of the sea-bed, and a scheme for forming a solid barrier of ice and chalk all round the dock area about 20 yards thick was devised.

Leading Continental specialists in this type of work were consulted, but their advice was not of a character to inspire confidence in the result of such treatment. All available means of dealing with the situation which had thus arisen were explored in the light of modern engineering developments, and ultimately the method decided upon was one of an entirely novel character. The problem was to construct the dock, which has an internal length of 414 ft., an overall width of 70 ft., and depth of water over the sill at L.W.S.T. of 17 ft., in an area from which it was impossible to remove the water. The entrance had to be closed by two gates of the "box" or flap-door type, each weighing 300 tons, which work independently of each other on horizontal hinges laid below the dock sill.

The site on which the work was to be done was subject from time to time to conditions practically identical with those of the open water, and heavy seas with waves as high as 15 ft. to 17 ft. were liable to arise at any time during a greater portion of the year.

The method of operation adopted for the excavation of the chalk rock in the dock area consisted of enclosing a dredger in the area and placing the temporary caisson in position at the entrance, thus enabling the excavation to the required depths to be carried out in still water, subject, of course, to the normal rise and fall of the tide This permitted the dredging work to be done at a rate which was greater than could possibly have been done otherwise. The chalk rock was of so tough a character that ordinary dredger buckets would not cut it, and they had to be provided with teeth made of the very hardest steel which tore out small quantities of the chalk at a time, causing heavy grinding and vibration of the dredging craft during the operations. Afterwards, in order to avoid the percolation of water from the sea-bed, a concrete floor about 5 ft. in thickness was laid over the whole dock area, being deposited and levelled off by divers who divided the floor into sections and completed strips of 8 ft. by 25 ft. at a time.

On right—EXCAVATING THE DOCK SITE: The dredger in operation during an early stage in the work. The chalk rock was found to be of so tough a character that ordinary dredger buckets would not cut it and they had to be provided with teeth of the very hardest steel. This set up immense vibration

STAGE *and* SCREEN:

DRAMA WITHOUT WORDS: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire give a hauntingly graceful dance which takes the place of dialogue in the interpretation of an emotional scene in *Swing Time*, the latest of their series of musical films. It is less than two years since this couple scored their first big sucesss together in *The Gay Divorce*, and now they are firmly established favourites

IT is noted as being remarkable that the dramatisation of so well-known a novel as *Jane Eyre* should have come to London via the Malvern Festival.

That is neither remarkable nor true. Charlotte Brontë's best-known book was seen on the London stage fifty years ago; but as few, if any, who saw that production are alive to-day, Mrs. Helen Jerome's version, as given at the Queen's Theatre, may be regarded as a novelty. If some veteran playgoer has seen both and writes in to me with a comparison, so much the better. I shall be most interested to hear what he, or she, has to say.

For all its sensationalism—the romance of a governess mixed up with the mad wife of her adorer—*Jane Eyre* has not the ready melodrama of early Victorian fiction of the *Lady Audley's Secret* and *East Lynne* type. Those have stage qualities which will never fade, particularly the latter, which has shed Lady Isobels over the British drama for half a century or more, one of them being seen in a short-lived murder play at the Winter Garden within the last fortnight.

At the same time, the social importance, or rather unimportance, of a governess in the days of the Brontës was a grim business. That the awful distance between Jane and Rochester should have been bridged at all would have been regarded then as a rather more sensational development than if to-day a duchess were to marry her chauffeur. Charlotte dealt with such matters with a sure touch, which the language of the period enhances.

A very distinguished editor of THE SPHERE, the late Clement Shorter, once told me that he considered that *Jane Eyre* would make an ideal play, and when I asked him why he did not make one out of it himself, he replied "My boy, it is not my *métier*." "C.K.S." had the whole field of literature, and Brontology in particular, as his *métier*, and I am sorry he did not have a shot at it, since I feel sure it would have been a successful shot.

Mrs. Helen Jerome has done her work remarkably well. Some of the many scenes are dull, probably inevitably so. Fortunately the interesting scenes are in the majority, and the dull ones are discreetly placed. We are not spared the horrors of madness, but we are spared some of the, to my mind, greater horrors of Rochester, whom I have always sidered, whiskers and all, about the most odious character in Eng fiction. Mr. Reginald Tate even gave him a touch of sardo. humour, which was jam to the powder. A grand actor, Mr. Tate, and, like Mr. Harry Tate, he knows how to *listen* on the stage; both have that perfect sense of timing which possibly can be acquired but is in very truth one of God's gifts.

Miss Curigwen Lewis made a big hit as Jane at Malvern and is now making her first apppearance on the London stage. I cannot call her "promising" seeing that she has already achieved so much. She has still more to achieve. For the moment one can rejoice at her vitality, her technique, and her sense of character, in this case her ability to reproduce a type of character that is obsolete.

"Antony and Cleopatra."—Possibly if M. Komisarjevsky, Mme Leontovich, and others concerned in last week's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the New Theatre had gone the whole hog, called it "Anton u. Kleopatronova," or something of the sort, and played it in Russian, they would have got away with it. The Russian-speaking colony in London is, I am told, considerable. To it must be added that horde of pinky-dinky intellectuals who, if they do not speak or understand Russian, pretend to, and periodically tuck their youthful beards under the wing of Intourist and spend a happy ten days in lovely Moscow (which is so bracing).

Unfortunately this was not the arrangement. Mme Leontovich tried to play the part in English and succeeded only in emitting some unintelligible sounds which belonged to no language that is on land or sea. The revival came to an end after only four performances, for which Mme Leontovich, well and truly aided by M. Komisarjevsky's Alice-in-Wonderland production, must be held to blame.

I have no desire to jump on the corpse. Yet, since there is a disposition to label these pidgin-English onslaughts on famous parts by distinguished foreign players as "extraordinarily plucky, when you come to think of it," together with other tosh in the same key, the time has surely come to blow a little froth off the bock, as it were. Such attempts are not plucky; they are merely silly and, in this case, expensive into the bargain.

Most exasperating of all is the attitude of those who say that no English actress is clever enough to play in Russian in Moscow or in German in Berlin. To which I reply that no English actress would be fool enough to try. Moreover, if she were fully equipped and did try, she would not have the faintest chance of getting her nose in on the Continental stage. Your actor, actress, impresario, and what-not on the other side of the Channel talk loudly about the essential cosmopolitanism of the stage, art having no frontiers and the rest of it. They put their theories into practice with enthusiasm when it is a question of their own folk starring in a London theatre, and getting through a big part with a picturesque personality and enough false intonation to set on edge the teeth of English people who like their mother tongue and think it is rather a beautiful one.

But let it be a question of an English player starring in Berlin, or Moscow, or Vienna—"Oh, no, oh dear no. Not for Joseph, oh dear no!"

"BEAUTY TOO RICH FOR USE, FOR EARTH TOO DEAR!" Norma Shearer as Juliet in the screen version of *Romeo and Juliet*, which had a brilliant first night a few days ago at His Majesty's Theatre and will doubtless repeat over here the financial success it has made in America. Miss Shearer has always wanted to play this part, and, if not inspired in her interpretation, none the less gives a good performance. Tragedy is not her long suit, however

"Romeo and Juliet."—The film version of *Romeo and Juliet*, now at His Majesty's, is, to quote another Victorian music-hall ditty, "all very fine and large." That Mr. Oliver Messel's settings and dresses are really exquisite I was not surprised. Yet even many of these

Curigwen Lewis Scores a Big Hit in "Jane Eyre" : Eugenie Leontovich Fails in "Antony and Cleopatra" — Hollywood and Shakespeare

Reviewed by Philip Page

are, if fine, rather too large. When Romeo started the balcony scene I had the uncomfortable impression that he had just climbed up something rather bigger than the leaning tower of Pisa. Juliet was attended by bevies of handmaidens, duly drilled in the approved Ziegfeld Follies style, in stately marble halls about the size, apparently, of Paddington station. I do not blame this Gargantuan note in film-production, and it would not be the least bit of good if I, or anyone else, did. It springs from an ineradicable streak in Hollywood mentality, which just has to spend money. Moreover, the public like it and must have it.

Unfortunately, in order to make way for this splendour, the text had to be cut. Since, in an accompanying note, expert film opinion states that it is enthusiastic over Shakespeare's quality as a writer of film scenarios —no, my masters, this is not some mad, drunken dream, but sober fact — I cannot for the life of me understand why the producer did not back up that opinion and leave Shakespeare to it.

Another expert critical opinion I take leave to quote —if only in support of that contention— "it (the film) leaves one with the impression that Shakespeare was a brilliant scenarist, *even though the cinema had not been dreamed of when he wrote this play.*" Can it be that the valuable and even staggering information contained here is correct? Yes, I think it must be. Personally, I always had imagined that the cinema was a post-Shakespearean invention. But, then, I am an expert. The public must at all costs be instructed.

Miss Norma Shearer looked lovely but not in the least as one conceives Juliet should look. She was so very much "groomed"— I think that is the word. She was at her best when she did not have to be tragic.

Mr. Leslie Howard underplayed Romeo just as he underplayed Shakespeare himself recently in an interesting play the name of which I forget. Mr. Howard is a sedate person who gives me the impression that he considers acting rather bad form.

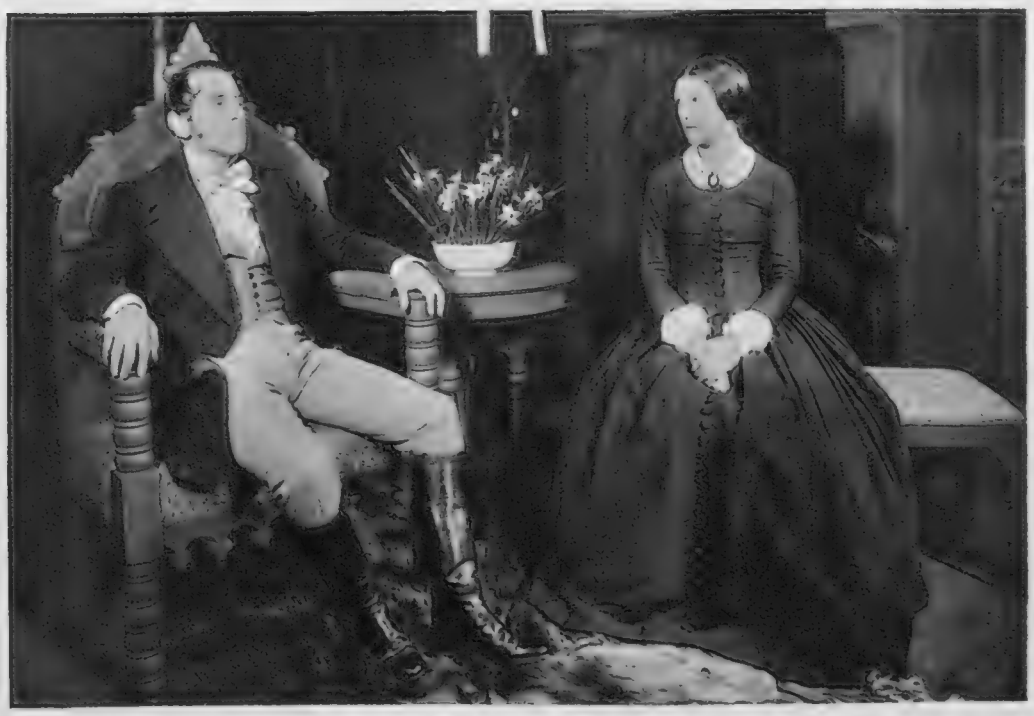
Mr. John Barrymore's Mercutio and Miss Edna May Oliver's nurse stood out humanly amid this somewhat icy grandeur.

AN ADVENTURE CLASSIC SCREENED: Roland Young (Commander Good), Paul Robeson (Umbopa), and Sir Cedric Hardwicke (Quartermain) in the Gaumont-British film based on Rider Haggard's story of *King Solomon's Mines*

ENTHRALLING AMERICA: John Gielgud as he appears in the title role of his production of *Hamlet* which had its New York première at the Empire Theatre, Broadway, on October 8 and for which all the 1,086 seats were booked up a fortnight in advance. Before this five performances were given in Toronto, the gross receipts being no less than £3,000, while £1,200 was taken in two days at Rochester, N.Y.S.

The Theatre in New York.—The British stage is well represented in America this season and, according to all accounts, John Gielgud heads the list of attractions with a masterly performance in the title role of Hamlet which, since its première, has been playing to capacity houses. Leslie Howard will appear in a rival production of this play next month but, judging by the popularity of the two principals, Broadway will doubtless find room for both shows. Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence open shortly in *To-Night at 8.30*, which is practically sure to repeat its London triumph, while Emlyn Williams has won high praise with *Night Must Fall*, one of three imported thrillers which are attracting attention. The others are *Love From a Stranger*, with Frank Vosper in his original part, and *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*.

Christmas Entertainment.—Edna Best, making her first pantomime appearance in the part of Cinderella, will be the attraction at the Coliseum this year. Lupino Lane will appear as Buttons and the Ugly Sisters will be Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson. . . . Florence Desmond is to be principal boy in *Mother Goose* at the Hippodrome, which is staging its first pantomime for four years. . . . *Puss in Boots* will be at the Lyceum.



HELEN JEROME'S STAGE VERSION OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S MASTERPIECE COMES TO THE QUEEN'S THEATRE FROM MALVERN

Curigwen Lewis *(left)* as Jane, the little governess who so stoutly copes with adverse circumstances and *(right)* with Reginald Tate in the part of Rochester, the dictatorial he-man of a Victorian spinster's dream whom she ultimately marries. The two stars of Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Charlotte Brontë's famous novel, which was originally presented at the Malvern Festival earlier in the year and has now come to the Queen's Theatre for what is sure to be a long stay. Mrs. Jerome was also responsible for the adaptation of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, which has been packing the St. James's Theatre for many months

WHEN THE SAILOR GOES ASHORE: By Charles Graves

The Present Arrangements for His Welfare Compared with the Evil, Haphazard Ways of the Past

PAID OFF! When the sailor goes ashore at the end of a voyage he has to rely on the money he has made until he gets another job or possibly rejoins the same boat on its next round trip

ACCORDING to the latest Board of Trade figures, there are 100,000 British sailors employed in British ships. This is apart from 7,000 foreigners and 43,000 Lascars who do not concern me in this article. On an average these sailors spend at least three months ashore every year. Two-thirds of them are bachelors; 7,000 have permanent homes in London; another 7,000, who use London regularly as a home port, have nowhere in particular to go. What do they do between voyages? Well, when the Empire Memorial Hostel in the Commercial Road was built, nearly a hundred shady places, ostensibly seamen's lodging houses, had their licences revoked by the L.C.C.

There is to-day much less doping and robbing of sailors when they are ashore, but it still continues. There was a case only last week, not reported in the newspapers, of one who had a couple of drinks in a public house and knew nothing more until he was found by a policeman minus the £60 which he had had in his pocket.

Able-bodied seamen are paid at the rate of £8 10s. a month, but it is normally paid in a lump sum at the end of a voyage. So, though voyages to-day are quicker than they used to be (the average being four weeks to South Africa and back, six weeks to India and back, and two months to Australia and back) the sailor is still likely to have several pounds in his pocket which can disappear very quickly. Usually, if he survives the temptations of the first night, which are considerable his money will last him out until he gets another job. But this period may vary between two days and two months. Not everyone realises that almost the whole of the crew of a ship, even the *Queen Mary*, is paid off, with the exception of such people as the carpenter, bosun, chief steward, and ship's cook, after each return to the port from which she sailed.

The sailor, therefore, has to start afresh. He goes to the offices of the Shipping Federation, where his papers are scrutinised, and a chit known as a P.C.5 is handed to him if he is lucky. This is really an introduction to the chief officer, chief engineer, or second steward of a ship which is known to be signing on in the course of the next few days. He goes off and presents this, and, if taken on, joins the ship two days before she sails, being given an advance note of perhaps £5. This advance note is not negotiable until she has left port three days. It is really a kind of post-dated cheque, which is accepted by local traders, it is stopped if the sailor does not fulfil his contract and join his ship. Its object is to supply him with money to buy new gear. As, however, he cannot actually cash it in less than three days, it means that if his ship puts in at Rotterdam, or Antwerp, or Hamburg, for example, he may have no money at all when he goes ashore. This is where the British Sailors' Society makes itself so useful. They have sailors' rests in these seaports where the men can get free coffee, meals, and billiards. They can also take part in whist drives and other amusements.

All told, the Society has 118 branches from Aberdeen to New Zealand and from Japan to Buenos Ayres. Every week a report is sent in to the head office by the local representative. These furnish a very interesting side-light on what happens to the sailor when he comes ashore, and how much in need of assistance he frequently is. Here, for example, are the latest logs from Bayonne, Milford Haven, Las Palmas, and Hamburg:—

BAYONNE.—The only ships visited in this period (one week) were the S.S. *Bushwood* and *Roelfina*, the former British and the latter French, but we have entered into a period of greater activity due to the British destroyers lying at St. Jean de Luz, and which are looking after British interests in Spain, evacuating refugees, etc. On the 28th, I saw three men from H.M.S. *Escort* having a look round Bayonne, so tackled them and invited them to the Rest, invitation which they accepted, supplied them with light supper and three parcels of literature, and put them on the train at 9.25 p.m. Next day five more came from the same ship (H.M.S. *Escort*) at 3 p.m. Supplied them with afternoon tea, light supper, a parcel of literature each, put them on train at 9.25 p.m. All enjoyed their afternoon and when signing the visitors' book made some sign of appreciation, for example, one put "Splendid hospitality." On the afternoon of October 1, three Estonian sailors, who had been evacuated from Spain (Bilbao), applied for assistance. Supplied supper and bed. Two more sailors from H.M.S. *Escort* also attended Rest, supplied them with tea and light supper and three parcels of literature and put them on train as before.

MILFORD HAVEN.—At twenty minutes past six on Tuesday morning we were meeting at the station a crew of twenty men from Liverpool who had arrived to sign on the *Athol Princess*, the second of the two larger tankers which have been laid up in the Haven for a few weeks. The men all had breakfast at the Rest at seven o'clock, after which I took them down to the agents' office to sign on. They were in and out of the Rest all that day, and finally, at twelve o'clock midnight, we had to take some of them down to the docks to find a motor boat which would take them aboard their ship. They had got adrift around the town and could not find their way. The *Athol Princess* sailed next evening, Wednesday.

On Wednesday evening at seven o'clock, a crew of nine Spaniards were brought to the Rest, and I was asked by a local trawler owner (their agent) to accommodate them. We hurriedly made up extra beds and prepared a hot meal for them. These men are peculiar in their tastes regarding food, and dishes had to be specially prepared for them. However, we managed quite well, and after two nights they left on Friday evening by train, *en route* for Spain. They had brought round to Milford two Spanish fishing boats (which fish in pairs) which have been bought by a Milford syndicate to fish in the Spanish fashion, as an experiment here. The bill for their board and lodging is to be rendered to the company's agent, and will be received in due course. The same applies to the food supplied to the crew.

A total of 104 beds have been let this week, twenty-two beds being occupied on Wednesday and Thursday nights. We are very glad to see this improvement in trade.

LAS PALMAS.—Visited the *Roslin Castle* chiefly to discover any old hostel boys and tell them they were invited to attend the reunion on the 30th inst. Most of the lads on the *Roslin* are from Liverpool. One A.B. was a hostel lad but he did not expect to be in London this trip. We must be prepared to spend more on boatmen if we visit the liners that do not come alongside. It may be made worth while. We will try.

Saturday: Spent three hours this morning trying (successfully) to get a friend away who was up against it with the local authorities. Being a colporteur and a mason he was doubly damned in the eyes of the powers that be. We were glad to get him away in safety. We were busy among the boys until nearly midnight.

Sunday: Another busy day in a scorching sun—a real "Sahara" day. The *Mary Slessor* and *Horn Shell* sent up nice parties who bathed and made the Rest their headquarters from morning until late closing time, but it was well worth our attention. They expressed their sincere appreciation.

Monday: The Rest has had a full day, bathing parties coming and going and our games going strong. Put in an appearance at the soup kitchen. The numbers needing food are on the increase. Supplies look like being a big problem. How to renew and refresh.

Tuesday: Visited the *Horn Shell* and received a welcome. The boys are making good use of our bathrooms for bathing parties. Held an enjoyable social, rather too hot for games, but time did not hang heavily.

Wednesday: Had a call from a naval officer who escaped from the reds and is now awaiting a ship to repatriate him. He is an evangelist, therefore his visit. We were glad to be of service. There is little we can do, but if it is only a word of hope and cheer—pass them on.

Thursday: So many Britishers in to-day we had to use a boat to get around them. One for New Georgia, and two bound for the Cape. One for West Indies and another I could not visit. We wish it could be arranged that they spread themselves over the week.

HAMBURG.—Friday: Went to Harburg Hospital and brought back two seamen to the institute. Visited British Consulate. Dealing with weekly reports. Whist drive and dance.

Saturday: Visited Altona coaling depot. Visited S.S. *Alt* and *Hauxley*. Visited S.S. *Crackshot* at Reiherstieg. Took men discharged from hospital to British Consulate to obtain transportation orders, thence to the Grimsby steamer.

Sunday: Service at institute.

Monday: Took new library to the M.V. *Congonian* at the request of the captain. This necessitated two journeys to the ship, as previously they had asked through the British Consulate at Kiel for just magazines which I took on board upon arrival in the petroleum harbour at Hamburg. Visited bank, Harburg Hospital, and brought seaman back to the institute. Visited S.S. *Alt*, *Harrogate*, *Petrel*, and *Stockport*. Whist drive and dance.

Tuesday: Crew at the institute. Visited bank and Mr. Edminson's. Visited Harburg, Seaman Hall not so well. Further crew arrived 2 a.m.

Wednesday: One tanker crew left 7 a.m. At the request of the British Consulate at Bremen met four seamen at Central Station and escorted them to the British Consulate, Hamburg, thence to the Grimsby steamer. Tanker crew arrived 7.30 p.m. Whist drive.

Thursday: Tanker crew here. Visited Eppendort Hospital to visit a "shore person" who is a great supporter of the institute who is suffering from cancer. Called upon Mrs. Forhel.

Sailors to-day are both younger and more law abiding than they used to be. At the same time, they can still fall an easy prey to almost anyone when they get ashore in foreign countries. There are also all the hazards of their calling, such as shipwreck.

In England the Empire Memorial Hostel is a fine example of the work that is being done. There are three hundred beds which are nearly always full. There is a free cinema. Men can also play billiards, cards, and other games. There is a restaurant where they can get a square meal for 1s. There are reading rooms and various other opportunities for recreation. Women, of course, are not allowed. Alcohol is also forbidden, not that this prevents the men from going out and having a couple and returning slightly combative. It must be admitted, however that they are usually very peaceable.

(Continued on page 172)

PERSONALIA

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: Miss Helen Dawson, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. A. F. Dawson, arriving with her brother, Mr. E. W. Dawson, the well-known Leicestershire cricketer, for her marriage at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to Captain Massey Edgecumbe Lopes, of the Royal Scots Greys, only son of Sir Henry Lopes. The Duchess of Gloucester sent the couple a present of large glass vases

TREPIDATION: One of the four little pages hesitating before passing beneath the crossed swords of the men of the Scots Greys who provided the guard of honour at the Dawson-Lopes wedding

VON RIBBENTROP JUNIOR GOES TO AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL: The son of the new German Ambassador in London leaving his home in Eaton Square for his first day's work at Westminster

A VISITOR FROM THE FAR EAST: Tenkgu Kelana, son of the Sultan of Selangor, Federated Malay States, has accompanied his father to London. The Colonial Office says the visit is not political

FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS! Mary Relph, daughter of the comedian, Little Tich, who acted as hostess at the fortieth anniversary celebrations of the Trocadero, the West End restaurant which stands on the site of the music-hall where her father scored his first successes. She is wearing his famous pair of big boots

GRACE ON THE ICE: All eyes on those twin blades of steel as they glide rhythmically over the rink or execute a turn of well-nigh incredible intricacy

THE PIROUETTE: *Above and below*—Two striking camera studies from the ice rinks which are once again attracting crowds of skating enthusiasts

With the inimitable Sonja Henie, of Norway, a professional and seeking film fame in Hollywood, England may now be said to have become the world-centre of amateur skating, for there are several promising youngsters in this country eager for the chance to gain her crown, and the 1936–37 skating season, which is now well under way, should thus prove interesting in the extreme. Sixteen-year-old Cecilia Colledge undoubtedly holds the best chance of becoming "Queen of the Ice," while great things are expected of little Miss Jepson-Turner, who, although only on the threshold of her teens, has a highly developed technique.

START OF THE SKATING SEASON

IN THE TOMB OF HEPTI: The finest sarcophagus so far found by Professor Selim Hassan Bey, who is now about to start his eighth season of excavation work around Giza. It is cut out of beautifully white Turah limestone and under the hieroglyphics, recounting the dead man's titles, is the representation of a façade of a palace

EXCAVATING THE CITIES OF THE DEAD

The Eighth Season of Work About to Start at Giza

IN a few more weeks Professor Selim Hassan Bey will be starting on his eighth season of excavations at the Pyramids of Giza.

These excavations are enormous; thousands and thousands of tons of debris have had to be removed, until the ground level of 4,500 years ago can be seen.

The ancient Egyptians expended their time, craftsmanship, and energy in building two types of city—cities for the dead and cities for the living. It is perhaps ironical that they went to far more trouble and expense in building the former type than the latter. This great necropolis which is now being unearthed is a typical example of this paradox.

They believed that the Ka (or Spirit) of the deceased returned to visit the body in its tomb, and constructed false doors by which it could escape and re-enter. They also placed in the tomb at the time of burial a quantity of food for the spirit to feast on, and in the case of very important people these supplies were renewed periodically by priests from the city of the living.

Altogether the tombs of fifteen children of King Khephren, who reigned *circa* 2,650 B.C. have been discovered, and for some reason or other certain sons and even daughters must have occupied higher positions of State than others, judging by the hieroglyphic inscriptions engraved on the walls and doorways of their tombs.

The burial place of Iun-Min, who was a son of King Khephren, discovered early last season, has over the door the usual fourth-dynasty cylindrical drum on which are carved in hieroglyphics his name and titles reading: Hereditary Prince, eldest King's son of his body, Chief Judge, Seal-Bearer of Lower Egypt, Sole Companion, Steward of the Palace, Chief Ritualist, Scribe of the Divine Books—Iun-Min. His name and titles also appear on the lintel of the doorway.

These cylindrical drums over the entrances to many tombs discovered are interesting as they appear to be copies in stone of the trunks of palm trees, which were also used at the same time for the same purpose; in later dynasties these drums were altered and became square. Iun-Min being the eldest son of the king must have been a very important person, but obviously died before he succeeded to the throne; his tomb also shows this as in parts it is unfinished.

The people of early Egypt constructed their tombs during their lifetime and this accounts for the fact that so many are found unfinished, as they had died before they were completed or perhaps they did not have enough money to pay for their completion. It must have been a very serious undertaking to guard against their after death and instruct their Kas (or spirits) what to do when they descended into the awful regions of the underworld.

The finest sarcophagus so far found during these excavations was discovered in the tomb of Hepti. He was not of Royal descent but nevertheless was a most important person. He apparently spent his money only on his sarcophagus as his tomb chamber and entrance are of the plainest type. The sarcophagus is cut out of beautifully white Turah limestone and carved all over with designs and hieroglyphics. On both ends the hieroglyphics read: One of the ten Great Councillors of Upper Egypt, the one concerned with the Royal Archives, the Overseer of the Scribes, the Seal Bearer, the Chief Overseer of those concerned with the petitions—Hepti. On both sides is the same inscription as at the ends, but also added is: Honoured before the Great God.

This refers to Ra—the Sun God who was at that time the great god of this necropolis.

E. A.

RELIC OF THE FOURTH DYNASTY: The cylindrical drum above the door of the burial place of Iun-Min, son of King Khephren, bears on it in hieroglyphics his name and his titles, one of which was that of Chief Judge. His father built the Second Pyramid

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

Semi-Clerical Broadcloth

Lanvin's moulded black crêpe dress is shown below, with the skirt looped up between the ankles, and its Sphinx headdress of silver lamé, rayed and closely stitched. This can be slipped right over the head and worn round the shoulders as a fluted cape

Flat Furs in Light Colours

Above, in the centre, is Alix s exquisitely draped dress in very heavy ivory silk jersey, with an attached cape, the long right side of which is swept in classic folds across the front and thrown over the shoulder rather like a Roman toga

Alix's dress and wrap in shining black broadcloth (above on the left), has a draped cape lined with Bordeaux red velvet, with a Mexican hat in the same colour. Here you have a flat fronted, full backed silhouette

Furs are flat and light in colour, and they are used this year with great originality. On the left is Patou's suit in a green mixture woollen, with a waistcoat and a full basque of grey Persian lamb, which is also used for the cap. London is liking basques a lot

A little dappled horse has shed its coat so that the lady on the right may be warm. Her jacket, so quaintly Victorian in line, is white dappled with brown, and her enormously full-skirted frock is of stiff brown taffeta

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Lloyd George Has Another Tilt at the Generals in the Field

AUTHORS IN THE NEWS: *Left*—Captain H. B. T. Wakelam, the well-known B.B.C. commentator, whose book, *Rugby Football*, is the first volume to be published by Dent in their Modern Sports Series, the aim of which is to provide authoritative works of general appeal by leading critics and players. *Right*—Captain J. L. Hardy, who first achieved distinction with *I Escape*, a thrilling account of his war experiences, is now becoming known as one of the most readable of our modern writers. His latest novel, *Recoil*, is issued by Messrs. Collins, while an earlier effort, *Everything is Thunder*, has just been made into a film with Constance Bennett playing the leading rôle

By VERNON FANE

THE fifth and penultimate volume of the WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE (Nicholson and Watson. 21s.) carries the story of the tragic years to 1918, and since it necessarily includes observations upon the March retreat and the period which may truly be described as the Allies' darkest hour, we may be certain that we are in for another tilting match at the generals in the field.

Nor, in this volume, is it Haig who takes all the broadsides, for Robertson, who scorned controversy in his lifetime, endures some severe strictures at the hands of a master of disparaging epithets.

For friend or foe alike Mr. Lloyd George has one great quality, and that is a compelling readability. The ordinary critic, having no specialised military knowledge, nor, indeed, any qualifications to judge the actions of politicians in distress, can have eyes to wonder at, even if he lacks the tongue to praise, the eloquence with which this vivacious and aggressive personality resurrects the quarrels of twenty years ago.

Most of the people concerned have already had their say; others have been defended by abler pens than they themselves could hope to wield, and I hope that it may be permitted to one humble survivor to hope that the sum total, though it may be history, may yet be recent enough to provide a lesson on the futility of war.

Fresh from wallowing, with Mr. Lloyd George, in military ineptitude, we may now take a turn with Count Bernstorff with the old diplomacy.

German Ambassador to Washington during the war, Bernstorff was a warm friend of Woodrow Wilson, that apostle of "open covenants, openly arrived at." Born and bred in the old diplomatic tradition, Bernstorff, in those difficult days, held the balance as long as he could between the cloud-cuckoo ideals of the President and the repeated bunglings of the Wilhelmstrasse, of which powerful Allied propaganda made the utmost.

More than any man it was he who kept the United States out of the war for so long. Unhampered by his Government he might have succeeded in doing so altogether; but even Wilson could not continue to be persuaded that he was too proud to fight after the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT BERNSTORFF (Heinemann. 21s.) is, therefore, an important book. A patrician and in every sense a gentleman, he spent his earliest and most impressionable years in England which, in his own words, endowed him "with many political and spiritual advantages in later life." Thus he developed (and still retains) Liberal sympathies which marched none too easily with the militant Imperialism of the old Germany he served. Sadly and in the light of after events he reflects that "the German is not really a revolutionary, though in politics he is inclined to fall a victim to charlatans and adventurers," and that German policy has always been at the mercy of a sense of insecurity, due to historical and geographical factors, as well as of what the author calls "that disastrous German national disease—inferiority complex."

The post-war years saw him borne along on the stormy waters of the politics of the new republic, but it must have been with a sense of greater fitness that he became a member of the German delegation at Geneva, where his work in the cause of disarmament has earned him friends and admirers all over the world. A formidable antagonist in war, a wise and constructive statesman in peace, Count Bernstorff need have no qualms concerning his reputation in this country where his book will be welcome not only for the light it sheds on history in the making, but for the gracious and cultured personality it reveals.

When a person of mercurial, eager, and affectionate temperament sets out to write her autobiography with typical zest and a fine disregard for dates, one may expect something unusual and naively disarming.

SYLVIA OF SARAWAK (Hutchinson. 18s.) is just such a life-story, from the pen of a lively, generous and popular London personality. "I myself am not of sufficient importance to dwell too heavily on what has passed," she writes, and again: "Some may look upon this book as frivolous," but for myself, and I imagine for the greater number of her readers, the chief impression will be one of freshness and utterly unspoiled sincerity.

The Ranee has always had the gift for making friends, and in her childhood her first and closest friend was Mr. W. T. Stead, a little, one imagines, to the surprise of her parents, Lord and Lady Esher, who can scarcely have been prepared for the sight of their young daughter playing bears with that eminent man. Among her most famous and her most intimate friends was Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose enchanting letter to her on the occasion of her engagement is one of the treasures of this likeable book. "I am not at all pleased to hear that you are in love with somebody. You ought to be in love with me—that is the usual thing, and I think the proper thing at your age."

Friendships, enthusiasms, work, and an inimitable joy of living have been her assets, and they make it possible for her to write with honesty about a life that "has been such fun."

Biography again, in A GENIUS IN THE FAMILY (Joseph. 7s. 6d.); this time a son's view of a distinguished father. Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim was an American, and the inventor of the famous Maxim gun. That however, his son assures us, was only one manifestation of a mind which was in a constant state of inventive ebullience. Bean-shooters, rafts, bats, dogs, even impressionable hens were included in the sphere of his activities. He experimented on the hens with the powers of hypnotism, on the cook with hot and cold pokers (though this incident was hardly as bloodthirsty as it sounds), and he counted as one of his greatest successes the burial of a dead cat under a peach tree, a performance which caused a previously moribund tree to produce quantities of fruit.

Sir Hiram's exploits, at least in so far as they are related from the point of view of a small son, often verged more on the side of practical jokes than on the spirit of scientific discovery, but even if one turns a cold eye on the practical joker, and views his more eccentric flights with misgiving, this is still a thoroughly entertaining book.

Count Bernstorff's Effort to Keep the United States Out of the War

Mr. Gordon Sinclair is a Canadian newspaper man, which is a comprehensive and convenient way of saying that he has a sure "nose" for news, that he is a practised and nonchalant traveller, that he ignores the possibilities of discomfort, and that he recognises a good joke even when he, so to speak, is it. He has also, I notice from his latest book, bought an excellent camera.

KHYBER CARAVAN (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) is the record of a man in search of adventure, but with this difference, that he knew unfailingly where to find that adventure, and he usually got there first. In April 1935 Mr. Sinclair was in the Kashmir highlands. The last chapter leaves him in Abyssinia, following at unhealthily close range that "weird war of contrasts." In the interval he had shot across the length and breadth of India, for I can think of no other word to describe his apparently non-stop travelling, been the first white reporter to arrive on the scene of the Quetta earthquake, and shot a sizeable tiger which was found to contain, on examination, several silver bangles and the top of a broken beer bottle.

No one can predict this author's next move, either in geographical terms or in any others, but we can at least hope that it will result in another book of this pattern.

There is a fairy story atmosphere about Mr. Louis Bromfield's novel IT HAD TO HAPPEN (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), and that is all the more unexpected since its scene is a shabby New York boarding house "in the Sixties too near the Elevated."

Mrs. Lefferty, the proprietress of the establishment, was a charming elderly woman whose chief concern was to make her impecunious guests sufficiently comfortable. In her case the use of the word guests was no polite euphemism, for Mrs. Lefferty's boarders were always weeks and sometimes months behind with their rent, and it often took Mrs. Lefferty all her tact and persuasion to convince them that they were still wanted, in spite of their financial shortcomings, and that her house was their home.

Not that Mrs. Lefferty was rich. She was modestly provided for by an annuity, but was getting poorer every day. It is here that the good fairy element of the story becomes evident. A notorious gangster takes a room in the house, choosing it as a safe hiding place during a temporary legal embarrassment, and half from boredom and half from a perpetual craving to assert his power over his fellow beings, takes an interest in the seedy little crew of lodgers and, severally, and by various means, ensures their financial independence for life.

The scene in which the drab little house became for one night New York's most successful night club was a little difficult to swallow, but at the touch of a magic wand all these things must be accounted possible, even when the wand is wielded by a wall-eyed tough called Monk Maguire.

A second's rational thought, and that whole fantastic little world disappears, but one is grateful to Mr. Bromfield nevertheless for an amusing book, and to the designer of the book jacket, who has chosen to add the final touch of improbability by drawing a gardened Georgian house in the best English manner.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARTHUR BARKER.—SUGARHOUSE ENTRY. By Richard Hayward. 7s. 6d. AUSTRALIAN BOOK COMPANY.—SPIDER WONDERS OF AUSTRALIA. By Keith C. McKeown. Illustrated. 6s. CRESSET PRESS.—THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION. By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. CASSELL.—GIANT'S STRIDE. By Brian Penton. 8s. 6d. GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER. By Sigrid Undset. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—CROCUS. By Neil Bell. 8s. 6d. MEN ASK FOR BEAUTY. By Rosalind Wade. 8s. 6d. PETER DAVIES & LOVAT DICKSON.—THE PROUD PALADIN. By Iris Morley. 7s. 6d. THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN. By George Worthing Yates. 7s. 6d. MOUNTAIN CATTLE. By Mary Kidder Rak. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—MAID OF HONOUR. By Magdalen King-Hall. 7s. 6d. DENT.—RUGBY FOOTBALL. By Captain H. B. T. Wakelam. Illustrated. 6s. DUCKWORTH.—EDGAR PROTHERO: The Story of an Englishman. By Hector Wintle. 7s. 6d. LAND OF TO-MORROW: A Story of South America. By R. W. Thompson. Illustrated. 16s. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—TINY FRIEND. By C. R. Acton and C. Ambler. 5s. THE TORRINGTON DIARIES. Containing the Tours Through England and Wales of the Hon. John Byng. Edited by C. Bruyn Andrews. Vol. III. 18s. GOLLANCZ.—THE CALF OF PAPER. By Sholem Asch. 8s. 6d. GRAYSON.—ANIMAL LIFE YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By J. Morewood Dowsett. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—JUBILEE AND HER MOTHER. By Lorna Lewis. Preface by Julian Huxley. Illustrated. 5s. GOLDEN WEDDING. By Anne Parrish. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—EUROPE AND EUROPEANS. By Count Carlo Sforza. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—ALL THE DOGS OF MY LIFE. By "Elizabeth," author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THE HUNDRED YEARS. By Philip Guedalla. 12s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—AND THEN YOU WISH. By John van Druten. 8s. 6d. MARIONETTES AT HOME. By C. S. Forester. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—ARUNDEL: A Chronicle of the Province of Maine and of the Secret Expedition Against Quebec. By Kenneth Roberts. 8s. 6d. JOHN LANE AND THE 'NINETIES. By J. Lewis May. Illustrated. 15s. MACMILLAN.—GONE WITH THE WIND. By Margaret Mitchell. 10s. 6d. THE MAKING OF MODERN TURKEY FROM BYZANTIUM TO ANGORA. By Sir Harry Luke. 10s. 6d. PLOUGHMAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Patrick Kavanagh. 1s. METHUEN.—A CHASTE POLYGAMY AND OTHER STORIES. By Edward Mather. 7s. 6d.

Guinness Time *in* Dickens' Time

It is interesting to note that there are actual references to Guinness by name in Dickens, one in "Sketches by Boz," where Mrs. Bloss arrives at the famous Boarding House with an umbrella, a pair of clogs, a bandbox, an easy chair, and "a large hamper of Guinness's Stout." Another is in Pickwick, where Phiz, the artist, has shown a Guinness placard in the room where Sam Weller is writing his Valentine.

And the association of Dickens and Guinness is a very natural one. Both are unique, both recall the bright and happy side of life, which is so especially epitomised in the jolly and honest Mr. Pickwick.

Dickens is good for you; Guinness is good for you—isn't it nearly Guinness Time?

After "Phiz."

G.E.560.B

SAFETY IN STRAIGHTNESS: A new bridge under construction at Craighall, near Blairgowrie on the main road to Royal Deeside, which, when completed, will cut out three severe bends at present negotiated by vehicles passing over the existing bridge seen on the left

THE MOTOR SHOW REVISITED

A Further Look Round at Olympia

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THE crowds which have made the turnstiles of Olympia almost giddy in turning round have seen a motor show second to none. The general consensus of opinion is that there is more to see, and that the exhibits are more interesting than ever before. The only trouble with Olympia this year is that visitors are inclined to become tired before they leave, due to the fact that they endeavour to see the whole exhibition at one visit. In my notes last week I issued a warning on this point, and judging by what has transpired it was much needed. In previous years I have noticed that some six or seven stands have had such crowds around them that the average passer-by could not possibly get a look at the exhibits, whilst others were literally deserted. During the past week interest seems to have been spread over a greater area with the result that viewing has been comparatively easy. It is most noticeable that the technical features are being examined very carefully, and even the fair sex are to be seen discussing the pros and cons of such subjects as independent springing.

Independent springing is, to my mind, the predominating note of the 1936 Motor Show. True, there are quite a number of cars without this latest departure, but, on the other hand, there are a surprising number that have adopted this design. Perhaps the greatest proportion of exhibits with independent suspension hail from the other side of the Atlantic, but visitors should not jump to the conclusion that this type of suspension is an American innovation. I am not prepared to state whether it originally came from the Continent or was first produced in a British motor works. I can, however, assert, without fear of contradiction, that a very satisfactory form of independent front-wheel suspension was seen on a British car many years before it was fitted to an American product. Many people assume that independent springing applied to the front wheels only benefits exclusively the driver and the passenger beside him. This is not what is found in practice. On the contrary, it is the passengers in the rear seat who find that their comfort has been increased most.

Turning for a moment to another subject which may, perhaps, be considered somewhat trivial, I notice that there is a wide diversion of opinion amongst manufacturers as to what is the best material for the covering of seats. Should it be leather or cloth? Foreign manufacturers seem to prefer the latter, whilst the British are apparently of the opinion that there is nothing like leather. The truth, of course, is that each material has its advantages and disadvantages. Leather allows the occupants to slide easily in and out of their seats, but it is apt to shine clothes and by some is considered to be cold. Cloth, on the other hand, is certainly warmer, but instead of shining one's apparel it is inclined to crease clothes and to make it more difficult to slide in or out of the seat. Someone, some day, will produce a material which has the advantages of both leather and cloth without any of their disadvantages.

Manufacturers certainly seem, judging by the exhibits at Olympia, to be making a determined effort to make the public choose more cheerful colour schemes for 1937. Certainly, some of their creations look most enticing, but I doubt whether the British public will change from its preference for sombre hues. The average Britisher dislikes making him elf conspicuous, though he is frequently individualistic. It is always a puzzle to a foreigner in this country as to why practically every car on the road appears to be going to or from a funeral!

I noticed in the Body Section some very pleasant examples of really fine coachwork on some of the new Sunbeam chassis. The re-introduction of the Sunbeam car which was announced at the beginning of the month has proved very popular. The manufacturers, who are now one of the Rootes group have produced a chassis which is certainly worthy of bearing the honoured name of Sunbeam. It is an 8-cylinder car, with the cylinders in line, but in spite of this the bonnet is comparatively short. It boasts of independent front-wheel suspension, has many other up-to-date features and embodies almost every possible refinement. Another car which was introduced just on the eve of the Show was a Riley touring saloon and this can be seen on the Riley stand It is a roomy car and the designers have realised that when people go touring they must carry a certain amount

(Continued on page 164)

BEAUTY LINKED WITH COMFORT: A Hillman Eighty seven-seater limousine. This car has a 20·9-h.p. 6-cylinder engine and is fitted with "Evenkeel" suspension which has such a beneficial effect upon rear seat riding

BY APPOINTMENT

The GENUINE GIN COCKTAIL *- made with* GORDON'S GIN . . .

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FILLING STATION! A visit to Whipsnade in one of the new Austin Ten Cambridge saloons. This popular four-seater is constructed with a mono-piece roof and a flush-fitting sliding head

The Motor Show Revisited

(*Continued from page* 162)

of luggage with them. Still another car which should not be missed during a visit to Olympia is the new V-8 Flying Standard, which was announced only a day or so before the Show opened. When a firm of such standing markets a car, with such a popular type of engine, it is fairly certain that a large number will be sold.

The crowds at the Albert Hall, where the Ford Show is staged have been immense and this is really not a surprise because the Exhibition devoted to the products of this famous firm are of more than usual interest. Certainly the Ford Motor Company have a keen sense of showmanship with the result that their Exhibition is a really jolly show to visit.

Although I mentioned in my notes last week that the Accessory Section was even more interesting than it was last year I did not realise, until I made a more thorough inspection, how really comprehensive is this part of the Exhibition. I found the displays in the galleries quite as interesting as the cars themselves. In fact, as with the cars, days could be spent inspecting the multitude of novel devices to aid the driver, watching demonstrations, and studying processes of manufacture. Altogether there are 270 stands in this section, which is a record number. The variety of the goods displayed is astounding. Although present day cars are equipped in a very generous manner there are still many items that will add to comfort, convenience, and even to safety. Safety regulations have caused much thought to designers in the matter of accessories to assist the driver in his many occupations while using the car on the road. There are, for instance, devices that automatically warn him when the speed limit is being exceeded. Others keep a complete record of the running of the vehicle—the mileage covered and the time and duration of stops. Safety regulations, too, produce an extremely wide variety of "safety glass" the manufacturers of which are prepared to meet the demand which the regulations have created. Foremost amongst these manufacturers is the Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd. Triplex safety glass is now an all-round standard fitting on practically every well-known British car. On their stand No. 59 are exhibited windscreens and windows of motorcars, sun-visors, louvre-lights, dazzle-proof backlights and motor-boat screens of either toughened glass or safety glass. Triplex toughened glass, which was introduced more than three years ago, is now being fitted by nearly all motor car manufacturers as standard for both windscreens and all body lights. Consisting of a single sheet of specially treated British plate glass, it is proof against discoloration, blisters, and similar defects.

Continuing round the gallery we come to stand No. 149, which is the Olympia home of Messrs. Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd. Those visitors who have any fuel problem or require advice have the opportunity of discussing the matter with experts, while those who would be grateful for a sit down can rest and enjoy a short film show. This film is an amusing coloured talkie entitled *The Birth of the Robot*.

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., will be found on stand No. 426 in the Grand Hall gallery. The main feature on this stand is a continuous three-minute cinema show by which visitors can see actual film shots from the Ulster Tourist Trophy and the Brooklands 500-miles race. This is the second Motor Show at which the Wakefield Company have exhibited their range of patent Castrol oils. This new oil has met with tremendous success since it was introduced some eighteen months ago, and its unique features need little introduction to-day. One corner of the stand is devoted to the lubrication chart service. This is a free service, and visitors can obtain appropriate charts for their cars from the series which covers nearly 500 models. Two handbooks are available free; one entitled *Achievements Book*, which illustrates the outstanding speed events of 1936, and the other entitled *Motor Car Lubrication Simply Explained*. Motorists can also discuss their lubrication problems with the experts of the Company.

Our inspection of the gallery exhibits would not be complete without a visit to the Dunlop stand, which is numbered 450. Prominent among the Dunlop

(*Continued on page* 166)

AN IMPORTANT NEWCOMER: An entirely new type of Standard is this 20-h.p. Vee-type 8-cylinder model. A maximum speed of 82 m.p.h. is obtainable and acceleration from a standstill to 50 m.p.h. is a matter of a mere twelve seconds

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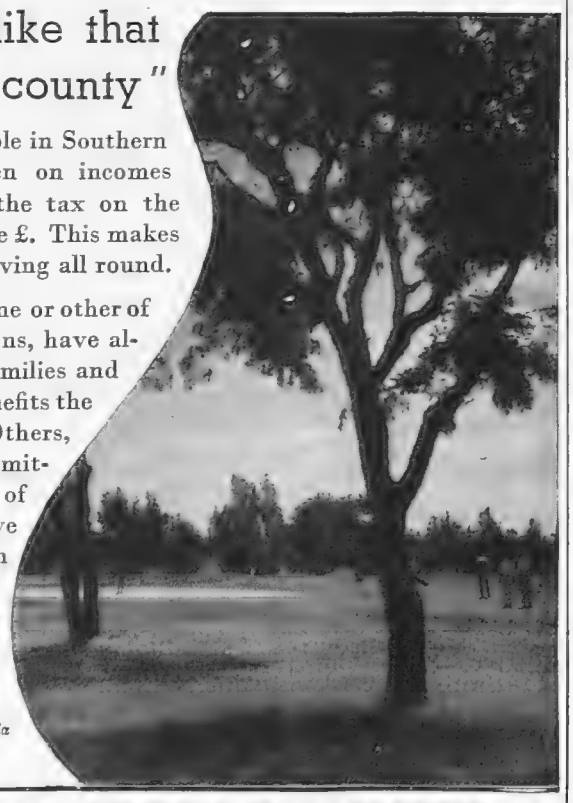
—extract from "Live in Southern Rhodesia



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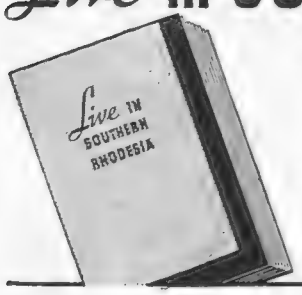

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CONSIDERED RIGHTLY, there is no sadness in the tawny patchwork of our English Autumn. Truly the loves and languors of summer are past, but now is a time of work, of securing all for winter, of eager preparation for the birth of another year. Remember, leaves do not fall of their own accord—'tis a gentle swelling, like a whispered promise of a Spring to come, that pushes them from their hold. So, if an Autumn sadness steals upon you, obey the well-rooted instinct for a "fine October ale." But make it a beer of the olden style—one such as Worthington—to hearten and sustain you; to give you certainty that if Winter comes, Spring is not "far behind."

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CONTINUATIONS

A BRIGHTER CONTINENT OFF GOLD (Continued from page 140)

held down as firmly as the prices. Nor should any save the very young come round gaping at the monsters *Inglesi*. Reports, indeed, from members of the family at school in Italy persist in telling of a charmingness towards the *Inglesi* that one would be a dog to query.

No. The question with Italy is other and requires no labouring. Each has to decide it for his and herself. I have heard a perfectly good *Go there !* argument put up.

France. The position is rather grimly unstabilised, socially and financially. Prices are already going up. Last winter on the Riviera was one of record bad weather relieved by strikes. Nadir, without a doubt. Already, one hears the natives are preparing to welcome back as old friends the people who, *après tout*, founded the Côte d'Azur and brought it wealth and glory. Nor can there be any better way for the private British citizen to contribute, however minutely, to the allaying of French social trouble than by turning up in the South: an efficacious calmative for excitable meridonial Labour nerves being assuredly the presence of the *étrangers* once more, and a reconjuring of something of the local life that was.

As postscript, why leave out Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco? I went to Morocco last March for a week and stayed five weeks. It was on the gold franc, but everything was cheaper. On an aligned franc—advantageous to keep to that word "aligned"—it should be a gift this winter and spring. The Spanish zone can, if necessary, be skirted by taking a night's steamer down the coast from Tangier to Casablanca, whence one may take a ninety-day rail ticket all round the country for less than £1 10s. But this sounds altogether too guide-book. What might be added though, is that there hardly seems more chance of trouble in Morocco than most other places. Indeed the French have such good Intelligence Service that local hotels might almost advertise no rising of tribes without the concierge advising guests in advance.

A JOURNEY TO SECRET SHABWA

(Continued from page 143)

prove worthless, none of the Shabwa's inhabitants must catch sight of me now at night.

The wooden window shutters of the room I entered were closed, and though a faint glimmer of moonlight fell through the narrow loopholes into the room, it was quite dark here. After having brought in our few belongings, the door was quickly shut and bolted. For a short time to come we were safe. Safe in Shabwa! It took time to realise that I was indeed at the object of my desires. I was so indescribably happy that I forgot to consider the danger of our situation. Though all was still quiet here, the excitable population, should it discover us, would threaten us with death.

At the break of the day, when it was still dark in our room, the din of crying voices awoke us, amongst which I could clearly hear Ambarak's. I looked through the loophole and saw trotting camel riders who approached the rest-house, and soon eleven Beduin quickly climbed the stairs and entered the room. They belonged to the tribe of the Al Bruek, and were led by Ambarak, who had collected them in his native village to help us. Whilst we were approaching Shabwa, he and his friends departed during the night—always two of them on one camel—and they reached the city by the morning. Their coming did not remain unnoticed by the population of Shabwa. First some young fellows arrived, and still half asleep and undecided whether to enter, one pushed the other into our room. Later more people arrived, amongst them the Elder of the town. The small house became crammed and crowded with Beduin. As it was still dark and I sat in a corner, I remained unnoticed for a while. Finally one the townsmen came close to me and suddenly he tore the koffije from my head and cried: "Frengi, Frengi! A stranger has invaded our city." An awful noise broke loose which extended itself into endless arguments.

I disappeared in the meantime with my film camera and the Leica as quickly as I could, and tried to explore the exact position of the ancient Sabaeic ruins with a view to taking as many snapshots as possible. Salim and two other Beduin accompanied me.

The town is built on three hills, each of them being a heap of ruins and mighty square stones now partly buried under the sands. Yet over the ruins of what was an ancient culture, a poor Beduin tribe, which scarcely knows how to get the next day's food, has built its poor mud huts, the walls of which are interspersed with well kept stones of Sabaeic origin.

The three hills form a half circle and the rest-house is situated on one of the outer ones. A narrow street passing a battered watch-tower leads from there to the peak of the hill. Here I got the first general view over the city. When I arrived there, women left their houses crying and cursing and throwing sand and stones.

We reached the second and central one of the three hills, and so far I had not yet made any important discovery. Again and again I insisted on being led to the inscribed stones, but apparently no one of my companions dared to show them to me. There was no time to be lost as the town was becoming more and more excited, and I was forced by my bodyguard to hurry.

On the way, however, I discovered the first relic of bygone days, a big squat stone on which the old Sabaeic characters were chiselled, and which served now as the threshold to a filthy goats' pen. But it was impossible to delay longer, so we hurried over mighty stones to the third hill, where I was rewarded for all our tedious efforts. In a little depression, not far away, I saw the beautiful ruins of the ancient Palace of Kings, the mighty walls of which only partly rose over the surrounding mass of boulders and sand. In spite of the efforts of my Beduin to hold me back, I rushed downwards. Three Shabwa Beduin ran excitedly towards me, and I had just time to do some filming before I was forced to leave, realising that it was high time to return to our rest-house. We narrowly escaped the three Beduin by running in another direction, but before we reached the rest-house the first shots were fired. In the rest-house itself everything was in a state of turmoil. Ali did not know how to detain the Beduin any longer for they, after having eaten all his rice, hinted very clearly that they would not let us escape. Immediately on our appearance Ali started to pack all our belongings. Not before all this was finished did we leave the house. But now the Beduin had started to fight one another.

In the turmoil I could not distinguish friend from foe. Everywhere, on the ramparts and on the roofs of the houses, Beduin hid themselves and fired shot after shot, yet my men understood perfectly how to engage all their attention and so they saved Ali, Salim, and me from the worst. Hurriedly we left the unfriendly city, walking in front of our camels which we utilised as cover. It took us quite a long time before we were beyond the range. About two miles in front of the mountain range we halted to await our escort. Happily united we were safe for the moment and we had only to negotiate two passes before all difficulties would be finally settled.

THE MOTOR SHOW REVISITED

(Continued from page 164)

exhibits is the "90" tyre in Fort and standard types, which is now fitted as original equipment by the great majority of British manufacturers. The Dunlop extra low pressure tyre, also available in Fort and standard types, makes it possible to travel rapidly and comfortably over the roughest roads and tracks, and it has achieved great success overseas, particularly in desert territories, where transport previously was difficult. The other two types on show are the Dunlop Cruiser, which is a low-priced tyre but retains that high quality associated with all Dunlop products, and the Dunlop Sports, specially designed for hill-climbing and trial work.

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Japan's Wonders in Spring when the Great Pageant of Flowers Begins

My advice to almost anybody with a feeling for the beautiful in nature and for that rare indefinable quality of harmony that seems to belong to certain landscapes, would be that at some time or other in their lives they should make it their business to arrive in Japan during the month of February and stay there—well, just as long as the place holds them. February is the month when the spring begins (although it may still be threatened by an occasional fall of snow), when that long, fantastic pageant of flowers and blossom which tells the hours of the passing season, starts on its course.

These early days with their sombre greens and pearly grey streaks of morning and evening mist have a strange, nostalgic charm; the earth is hushed and expectant, waiting for those few days of sunshine which will bring out the plum blossom with a rush. It is an incredible transformation, taking place almost overnight as it were. Japan suddenly becomes *en fête*. Coloured parasols appear on the sidewalks of Tokyo's Shida park, the children's clothes become suddenly gayer; even the Ginza, that bustling, noisy thoroughfare which is the very heart of modern Tokyo—of modern Japan, one might say—seems slightly different, the spring has meant so much to the Japanese, and for so many centuries, that they cannot bring themselves to take it in a phlegmatic Western way.

JAPAN is a long way away to go for a holiday, unless perhaps one happens to be a round-the-world traveller. But even the people who go round the world seem, on the whole, to regard it as being too remote for anything more than a passing glimpse: a few nights in different hotels, a train journey, a couple of motor drives, half-an-hour in a department store, and perhaps, if they are "highbrow," a visit to the theatre. Admittedly, that is better than nothing, but it is certainly not enough to support the claim of "knowing Japan" or "understanding the Japanese point of view" which light-minded travellers are rather addicted to springing on their less fortunate countrymen once they get home again.

Let me say at once that in my opinion it is impossible for a European ever honestly to be able to say that he "knows Japan," short of having spent his whole life there and having kept his faculty of observation keyed up to its job the whole time. The Japanese are too remote from us in mind for us ever really to understand them. The traditions of their race are too ancient and too complex for us to gauge their real significance, to know what unconscious part they still may play in the daily lives of those little hurrying figures who throng the streets of Tokyo and Yokohama, of Kobe and Nagasaki. It has been remarked, probably with truth (I say "probably" because I cannot speak a word of it myself) that one of the chief reasons why the Japanese language is so almost impossibly difficult for foreigners to learn is because the Japanese mind works in quite a different way from ours; their train of thought (and consequently the formation of their sentences) runs, as it were, along quite a different route.

What it boils down to is this: Japan is one of those countries where you can never be quite at home. Not that it is the less worth going to on that account. They do not make you feel a stranger in, say, quite the same way as you might feel a stranger in Glasgow on a Sunday afternoon, if you happened to arrive without knowing anybody there. The Japanese are extraordinarily friendly, extraordinarily helpful, and above all (at any rate in country places or, if you get at all off the beaten track, in the big cities), extraordinarily interested in strangers.

Can these people, you ask yourself, so apparently naive, so good-tempered and well-mannered, so disarmingly intent on the busy round of their own daily lives, be the same ones about whose aggressive expansionist ambitions, whose untiring and disquieting penetration into the manufacturing markets of the world, you are always reading in the European newspapers? Fortunately, the writer of a travel article is not called upon for a pronouncement about the political aspirations of the Japanese. He has only to vouch for their hospitality and for the beauty of their countryside, which is a task easily and pleasurably performed.

LAND GIRLS OF NIPPON: Inspecting rice to see if it is ready for harvesting

Almost everything that *can* be learnt about the fusion of the new Japan with the old is to be learnt from observing the teeming life of the Ginza, and here incidentally, the European traveller who happens to pine for home will find most concessions to his taste in the way of restaurants, cabarets, and so on. The big hotels, too, both in Tokyo and all the other important cities, are run on entirely Western lines; it is only in the country that you are liable to find yourself back in the traditional atmosphere of paper walls and mats for squatting on and low tables for the tea things, and even (if the district be remote enough) of the communal bath tub.

Yes, in spite of splendid new motor roads (fifteen years ago the journey from Tokio to Kyoto, which goes through some of Japan's best mountain scenery, took four days for those few people who were enterprising enough to make it at all; the same journey can now be done in one); in spite of luxury train services, and a few luxury hotels, apart from those in the towns (the Fujiya, situated in one of the chief beauty spots of the Hakone Mountains, is a name worth remembering); in spite of the fact that it is extremely thickly populated, the Japanese landscape still looks very much the same as it must have looked for centuries, and certainly the same as it does in the charming colour prints of a century or so ago.

FEATHERED CURIOSITIES: These remarkable long-tailed roosters, the result of two centuries of special breeding by Japanese experts, are descended from common barndoor fowls and are said to be worth about £300 apiece. They are kept in high, narrow cages to accommodate their 10 ft. tail feathers, and are taken out for exercise once in two days

The eastern coast road which I have just mentioned, called the Tokaido, is probably the most beautiful anywhere in the world and to drive the full length of it is an unforgettable experience. As it happens, the railway line from Tokyo to Kobe covers much the same route.

If there is a key to the soul of Japan, it is her flowers. After the plum blossom comes the cherry; after the cherry the wistaria; then after that there is such a riot and variety of form and colour that it totally defies description. The lengthening days slip by and one begrudges every moment of their passing, when there is so much to feast the eyes on, such undying magic in the air.

Richard Nowell

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In Quest of

Llandudno—a Resort Peculiarly Favoured by Nature and Magnificently Developed

LONG before Llandudno had commenced to develop into a health resort—in fact long before the sixth century, the time when the Patron Saint, St. Tudno, was supposed to have built his cell east of the summit of the Great Orme—the puffins, the petrels, and other families of sea-birds made, and still make, a twice-yearly practice of stopping awhile at Llandudno en route to the north in spring and the south in autumn.

Now, whilst I know that Llandudno is, during July and August, a very favourite spot for holiday makers, it did seem to me after a most delightful week-end there in the early part of October, that those of us who have no definite business or family ties could, with very considerable advantage, imitate "Mr. and Mrs. Puffin" and the healthy-looking petrels and enjoy a week or more at a place which is peculiarly favoured by Nature and magnificently developed by municipal enterprise.

Directly September sets in, those resorts which are in any way associated with the word "North" tend to be given the cold shoulder.

The only association that Llandudno has with the north is that it is geographically situated in the north-west corner of Wales. Beyond that it knows not the meaning of north. The Great Orme forms a complete barrier against the north winds on the north and north-west, whilst on the east and south-east the Little Orme and adjacent hills fulfil a similar duty.

From now onwards, certainly until Christmas, if not beyond, Llandudno is likely to enjoy weather which is far more akin to late spring than early winter. I can take you to a spot any time between now and December, where the probability is that we can still gather strawberries from the open beds, and in the Haulfre and rock gardens you can see every winter the most delicate flowers growing in the open.

The air is soft and invigorating, the sun shines with strength and warmth, for with no factories in the neighbourhood the air is unpolluted.

And if there were no further recommendation I would look forward to returning to Llandudno again just to view the sunsets from the Conway or from the top of the Great Orme.

But there are other recommendations. Llandudno is the gateway to North Wales. With modern transport how easy it is to reach such world-renowned spots as Bettws-y-Coed and the Swallow Falls, 19 miles; Sychnant Pass, 6 miles; Snowdon, 36 miles; Aber Falls, 13 miles, and so on. And what finer time could there be than now, when, free from trippers and full of autumn tints, North Wales and Snowdonia are looking their best.

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Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
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Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
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Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

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Nor is it necessary to go outside the municipal boundaries of Llandudno for walks and enjoyment. I know few towns which have been so well planned and with such wide roads with double carriage ways which, in most towns, are as yet but things to come.

And now having acted as unofficial and unpaid booster for Llandudno, I must return to my proper mission—In Quest of Good Hotels—and Llandudno does offer a wide choice.

The hotel I have stayed at myself over a period of many years is the Imperial, which is situated on the promenade in the curve of the Bay. It is essentially a good-class family house to which the same people return again and again. It has always been excellently run; the lounges are comfortable, perhaps a little too comfortable at times; and my only complaint is that the cooking is so appetising that I invariably eat too much!

There is also another reason why I always go back to the Imperial—it is to be greeted by O'Gorman who has been the hall porter there for some sixteen years. He has a great memory for faces, and a most infectious enthusiasm for Llandudno, that I often wonder how many people he has persuaded to "stay just a few more days."

Another well-known hotel of a somewhat similar character to the Imperial but perhaps with a slightly younger element in the summer months, is the St. George's. This hotel too occupies an equally good position on the promenade, and whilst I have tea-ed, dined, and danced there only, I am assured that to sleep there is just as enjoyable.

The only other hotel at Llandudno which I know personally, and which struck me very favourably, is the Grand, which occupies the dominating position at the foot of the pier. It is an hotel which in no way, either upstairs or downstairs, belies its name.

For those who prefer the immediate neighbourhood of Llandudno there is a very good hotel at Colwyn Bay, the Colwyn Bay Hotel. And for those who prefer to be right in the country, yet within six miles of Llandudno there is the Oakwood Park Hotel at Conway, with its own private golf course.

All these hotels are open all the year round, and just as the Great and Little Ormes are always open to receive the puffins, the petrels, and other winged visitors, so are the hotels of Llandudno always ready to receive you, and will do their best to turn your first visit into a twice-yearly habit, even though it may be but a flying one.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of The Sphere, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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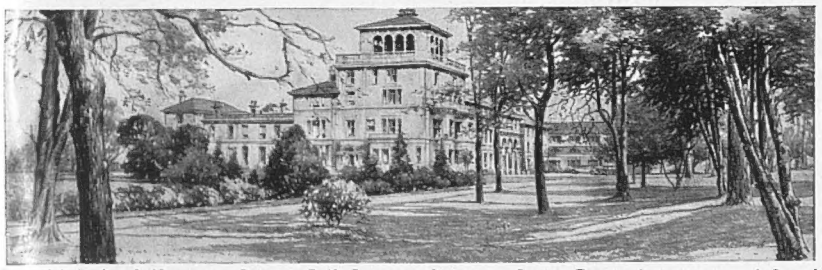
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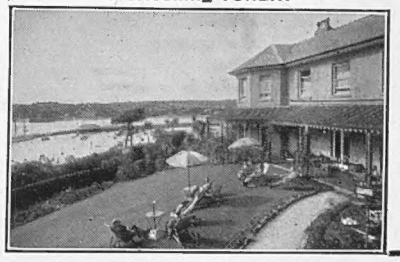
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WHEN THE SAILOR GOES ASHORE

(*Continued from page 156*)

In addition to this, organised sports such as football are arranged for them, as well as free visits to the Zoo. On Christmas Day everything is free, and already letters have been sent out to the various branches throughout the world instructing the representatives to give a free Christmas dinner of plum pudding, mince pies, turkey, and Christmas crackers to all sailors. When a seaman gets hurt and has to be put in a foreign hospital he feels very sorry for himself, the language difficulty usually prevents his understanding what is the matter. Here the local representative of the British Sailors' Society makes himself useful by explaining what is the matter with him. Again, sailors who fail to keep up with their regular payments to the British Union of Seamen and therefore lose their qualification to go to sea are frequently helped by having their arrears paid up, thus enabling them to secure employment once more.

So far I have referred to sailors without differentiation. They must be divided among the "down below" department—that is to say, firemen, greasers, and the like; the catering department such as stewards and waiters; and the deck department—in other words, ordinary and able-bodied seamen. The latter regard themselves as being a good deal superior to the others. Especially they think of the stewards as glorified waiters, and frequently say so. But what I did not realise before is that a sailor may be a member of the crew of the *Berengaria* for one voyage and then change straight over to a tramp going to Japan; or to a coastal steamer plying between Hull and Lowestoft; while his fourth voyage may once again be in a great ocean liner. There is in consequence no question of grading between the crews of the 30,000 tonners and the smallest cargo boats. One and the same men are employed by each.

To-day the shipping situation is improving fast, and fewer sailors are out of work. Indeed, there is an actual dearth of good able-bodied seamen, although there are more trimmers and stewards than there are jobs. The result is that numbers of men find themselves on their beam ends without a penny in the world and are still far too young to qualify for any pension. Moreover, many of them will have ceased to qualify for their 17s. a week unemployment benefit. Here again the British Sailors' Society is invaluable. Last year they provided over 100,000 free meals and 30,000 free beds for destitute seamen; they assisted 31,000 widows and dependents of seamen; representatives also paid over 20,000 visits to hospitals and seamen's homes; distributed 200,000 parcels of literature; gave over 2,000 entertainments; and secured a similar number of jobs for out-of-work seamen. The figure of over 1,000,000 attendances of sailors at the various institutes, stations, and agencies shows that the work is appreciated.

The Branksome Challenge Cup

The annual competition for the Branksome Challenge Cup and associated events will take place this Sunday, at the Parkstone Golf Club, by kind permission of the Committee. The competition, which is now in its seventh year, is promoted by the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, and organised by *Golf Illustrated*. It is confined to hotel visitors only, and is the only hotel competition of its kind in the country. Many distinguished players have won prizes in past years. The main events are: The 36 holes scratch for the Branksome Challenge Cup, and the 36 holes handicap for the Branksome Challenge Trophy. For each of these handsome replicas of the originals are presented, together with runner-up prizes. Other events are: Best round of the day (18 holes scratch), best round of the day (18 holes handicap), with first and runner-up prizes for each, and a special prize presented by *Golf Illustrated* for the former.

Experiences on White Island

Following the article in THE SPHERE of October 3 on White Island, the centre of thermal activity off the coast of New Zealand's North Island, Captain L. E. Holland writes to us as follows:—I read with extreme interest the article by Edward Samuel. His pictures and description are wonderful. I knew White Island in 1910 or 1911, for at that time I was at Opotiki the port just opposite White Island. I was then a young man and actually worked on the Island when the first company first started digging sulphur. In those days we went out to it in a Maori owned motor launch, which visited the place once a month. We lived in the crater itself; I remember we wore wooden soled boots. There was a scheme then to drain the lake, and whilst digging the trench there was such strong chemical action on the tools we actually ruined a spade in two or three days; just nothing being left but the wooden handle. On one occasion there was a minor eruption and we (ten of us) all sat in complete darkness for at least 24 hours, with gypsum falling on the shed where we were camped. We all thought the end had come, especially as there were no means of communication with the mainland. Eventually we all left in spite of the good pay—£1 per day.

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THE IVORY CROSS BALL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

An Important November Function

Miss Jean Urquhart, whose portrait is reproduced here, is chairman of the Young People's Committee assisting in the organisation of the ball which is to be held at Grosvenor House on Wednesday, November 18, in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Fund and under the patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York. The Embassy band will play during the evening with Jack Harris directing, and there will be a special cabaret devised and staged by Douglas Byng and Robert Nesbitt. Tickets are £1 10s. each and can be obtained from Mrs. Norman Railing, 3 Talbot Square, London, W.2, and other members of the committee.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*October 24, 1936*. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1905.

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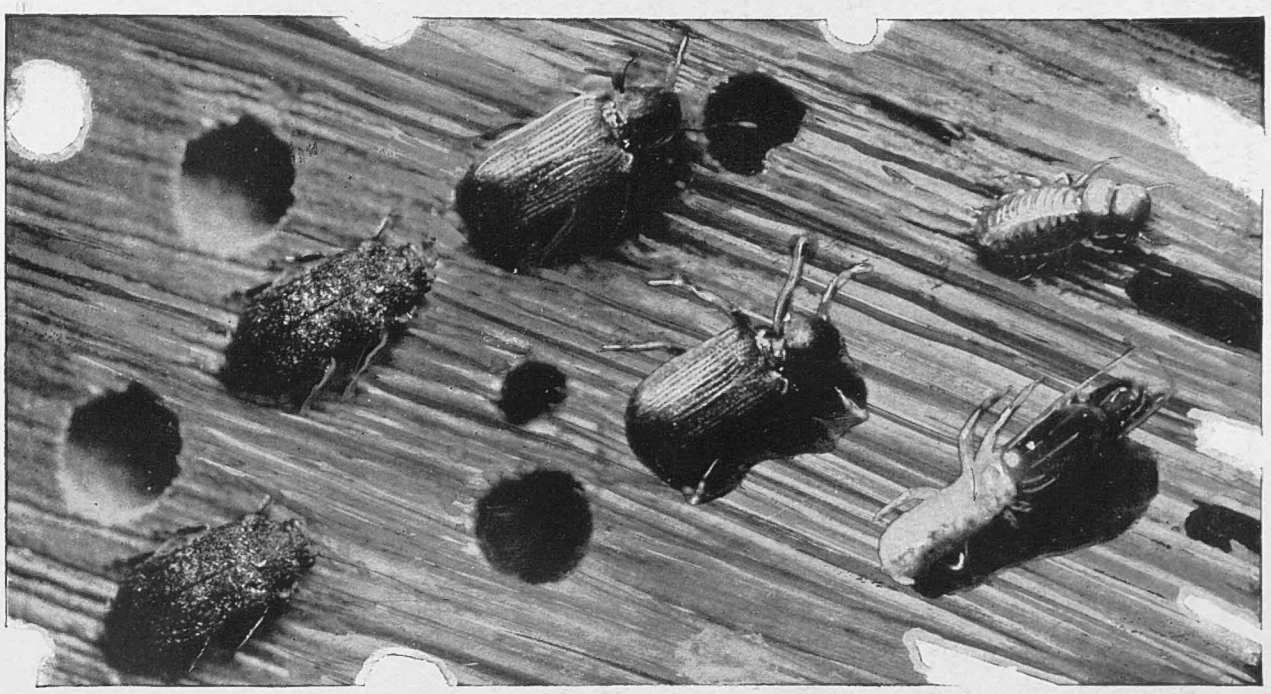

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